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By the men . . for the men in the service

TAMED TIGER

Pictures of German and Jap Combat Vehicles

PAGES 2 TO 5

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At Aberdeen's Ordnance Research Center, inquisitive experts find what makes an Axis vehicle tick, and their tests produce facts worth remembering.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS and Sgt. RALPH STEIN, YANK Staff Correspondents

ABERDEEN, MD.—The first thing you learn at the Foreign Materiel outfit here is never, ever, to call a Nazi tank a "Mark Six" or a "Mark Four." The correct designation is PzKW VI or PzKW IV. "Mark" is the British way of saying model, whereas PzKW means what it says: *Panzer Kampfwagen,* or armored battlewagon.

For more than a year captured enemy vehicles have been arriving here from every battle front on earth. The first was a half-track prime mover that came in sections and required three months of trial-and-error tinkering to be completely reconstructed. Missing parts, which were requisitioned from North Africa, never arrived; mechanics in the Base Shop section made their own.

The worst headache for repair crews here is the difference in measurement caused by the European metric system. Nothing manufactured in the U. S. will fit anything in a Nazi machine unless it is made to fit. In reconstructing the captured stuff, it has sometimes been necessary to combine the salvaged parts of two or three vehicles in order to put one in running order. The mechanics have made their own pistons or recut foreign pistons to take American piston rings; they've cut new gears; they've had to retap holes so that American screws will fit them.

Specially assigned recovery crews, ordnance men trained to know and work with enemy materiel, roam the battlefields of the world to collect the captured rolling stock, which is being accumulated here. It arrives with the dust of its respective theater still on it, plus the names and addresses of GIs who scratch "Bizerte" or "Attu" or "Buna Mission" in big letters on the paint.

Generally speaking, ordnance experts here have found German stuff exceptionally well made in its vital mechanisms, whereas the less essential parts are comparatively cheap. The motor of a Nazi personnel carrier, for example, is a well-built affair, while the body of the vehicle is hardly more than scrap tin. Japanese pieces of equipment for the most part are cheap imitations of American or British counterparts.

The engineers, who judge by the mass of detail employed in all German-built machines, are convinced that the Nazi idea has been to sacrifice speed for over-all performance and maneuverability. The German equipment, from the sleek motorcycle to the massive PzKW VI, is rugged.

T-3 Bruce Warner welds the cracked fender of a German personnel carrier received at Aberdeen.

A mechanic at Ordnance Research Center adjusts the valves of the Maybach engine in a PzKW IV.

This is the famous Tiger (with a picture of its namesake painted on the face plate), the largest and heaviest German tank. Weighing 61½ tons, it is propelled at a speed of from 15 to 18 miles an hour by a 600-to-650 horsepower Maybach V-12 cylinder engine. Maybach engines are used in many of the Nazi *panzer wagonen* and in submarines. The PzKW VI has an armor thickness which ranges from 3¼ to 4 inches. An additional slab of steel mounted in conjunction with its 88-mm gun forms frontal armor for the turret. Besides the long-barrelled 88, it carries two MG34 (Model 1934) machine guns. Largest tank used in combat by any nation today, the Tiger is more than 20 feet long, about 11¾ feet wide and 9¾ feet high. It has a crew of five.

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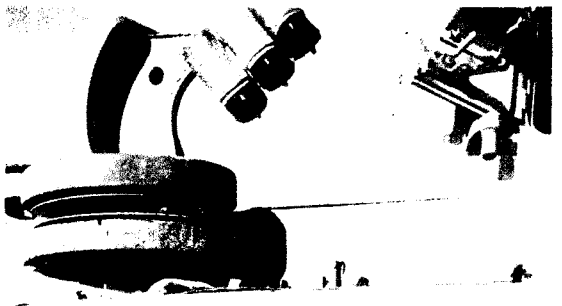
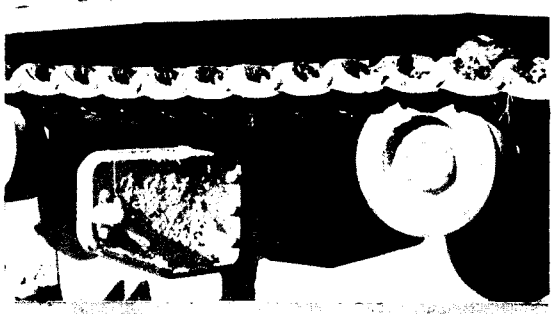
PzKW III

Germans love gadgets. To operate the v
ing slots used by the commander of
PzKW III, there is an intricate systen
levers and handles to raise or lower
cupola a fraction of an inch. A few gr
of sand might very easily jam the w

The German medium tank (above) is driven by a 280-horsepower 12-cylinder Maybach engine. It can do 29 mph at top speed. Compared with the Tiger, the PzKW III is lightly armored, weighing a mere 19 tons. This tank mounts a 5-cm (two-inch) *kampfwagen kanone* and two 7.92-mm MG34 machine guns, and has a crew of five. It ranges somewhere between our own light and medium tanks, and in the early days of the war it was a mainstay of the German *Wehrmacht's* famed blitzkrieg tactics.



Enemy Vehicles



Close-up of the PzKW III shows spare bogie wheel and, on the side of the turret above it, three smoke projectors. Escape hatch, with door open, can be seen in the side of the hull.

PzKW IV

The PzKW IV is slightly heavier than the III, weighing 22 tons, and is a later model. It has the same engine as the III, but its speed is less: 22 mph maximum. It is armed with a 75-mm gun and two 7.92 MG34s. Cannon shown here, like the 88 on the opposite page, is fitted with a muzzle brake which reduces recoil. Nazis festoon their tanks with spare tracks, as seen here on the front sloping armor and on the turret.

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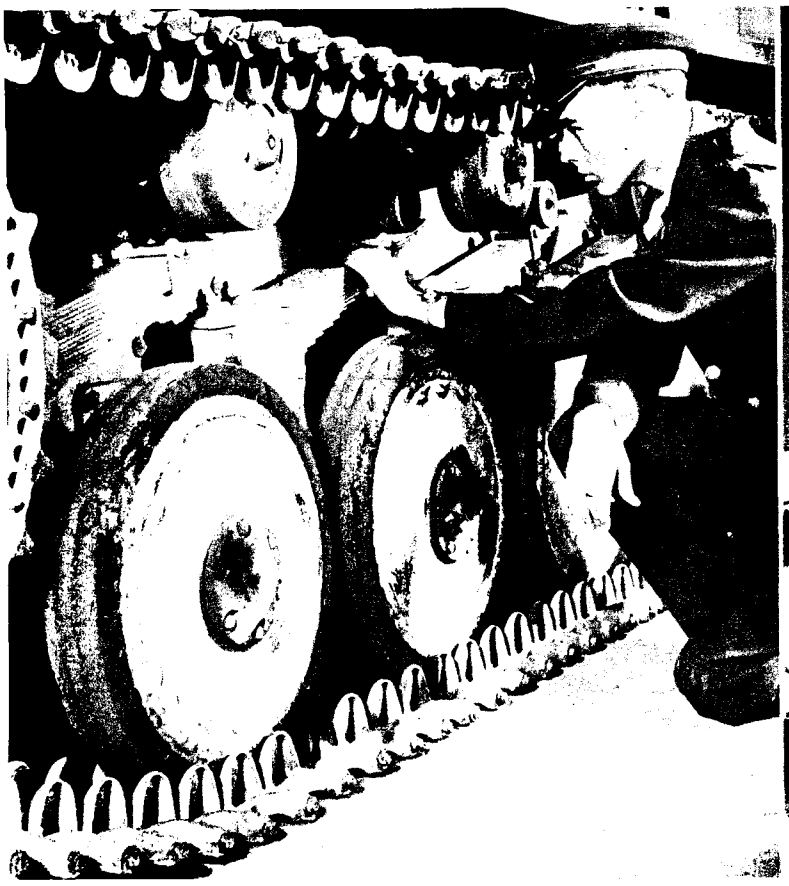
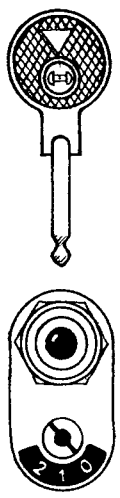


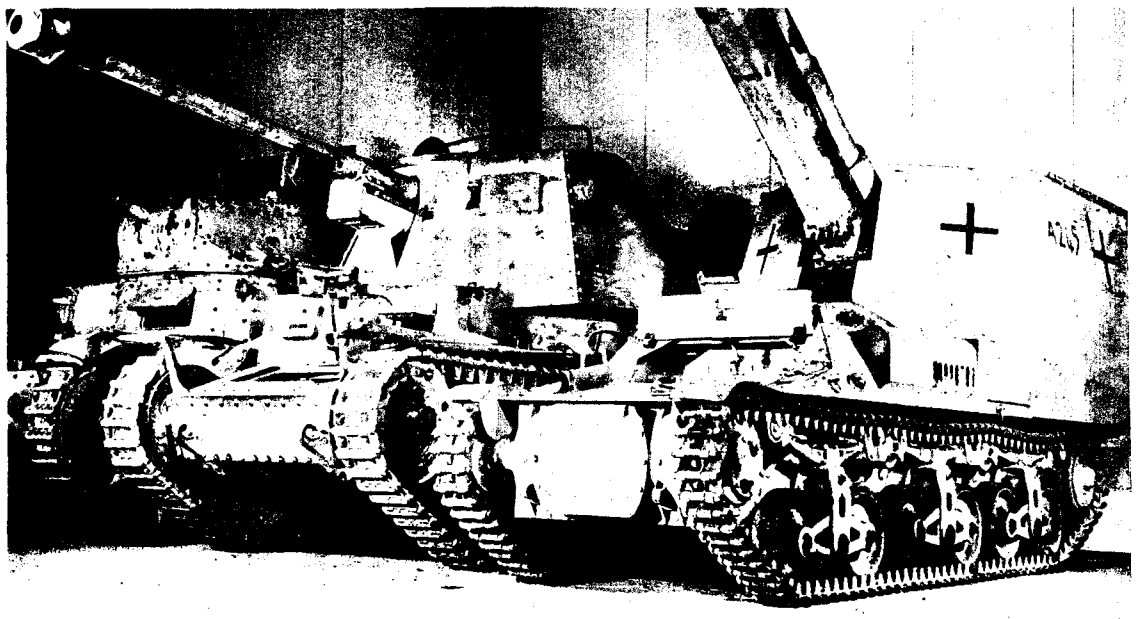
The PzKW II is an obsolete type of tank now primarily used by the Germans for observation and reconnaissance. Although it is comparatively low powered, having a six-cylinder 135-horsepower engine, its maximum speed is 35 miles per hour, making it the fastest German tank in use today. It is armed with a 20-mm auto-cannon and one 7.92-mm machine gun. In the close-up at left is shown the quarter-elliptic springing of bogies which has been replaced in newer German models by a torsional-suspension system. This PzKW II came into Aberdeen painted a bright red, with "Snafu" lettered on the side.

HOW TO DRIVE AN AXIS VEHICLE

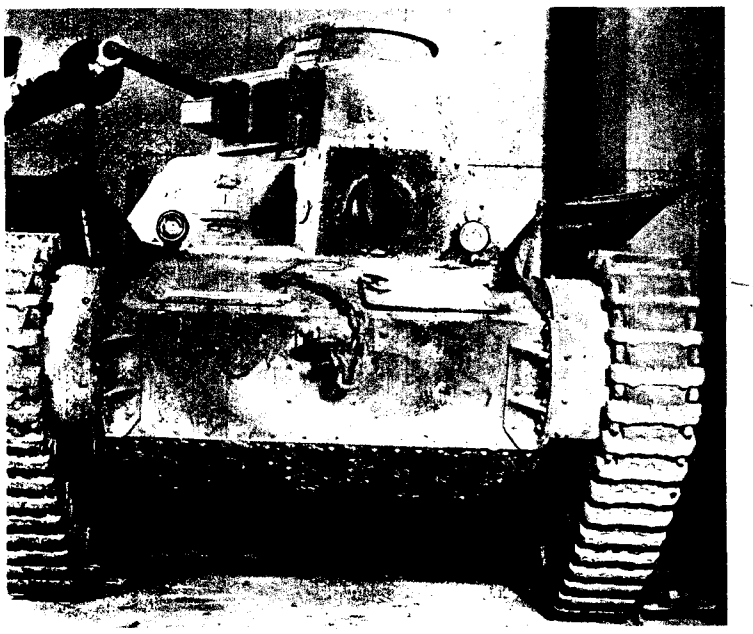


GERMAN, Czech, Italian and some Jap vehicles have Bosch ignition systems, many of which can be operated by the key pictured at left. Note that the key is notched. Under the key is shown the ignition switch and the ignition light. On the switch, which is turned by the key, are positions numbered 0, 1 and 2, which control the lights. The key acts as a master switch. If key is inserted to its first notch, lights can be operated but ignition is off. If key is pushed in further, lights, ignition, starter all can be operated. In this position of the key, the red ignition light glows; and when this light, which is also the starter button, is pushed the starter will operate.

WATCH OUT FOR BOOBY TRAPS.



Germans frequently use captured material intact or convert it to suit their own purposes. In the foreground above is a German 15-cm howitzer mounted on a French Lorraine medium tank chassis. To its right is a German 75-mm gun on a Czech medium tank chassis.



JAPANESE light tank, model 1935, pictured above and right, was built in October 1941 and was captured last summer in the Aleutians. Like most Japanese equipment, it performs better than it looks. It has a six-cylinder air-cooled 250-horsepower Diesel engine which moves its eight-ton weight at 22 mph. It is armed with a 37-mm cannon and two 7.7 machine guns. Note the old-style riveting of armor plate throughout.

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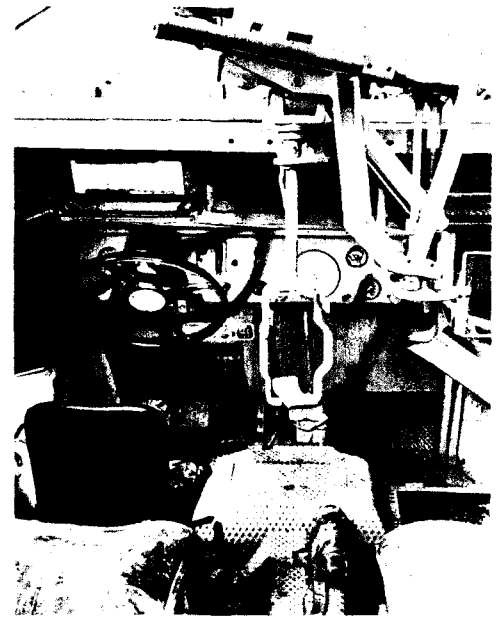
The Nazis Have a Variety of Half-Tracks and Recon Cars

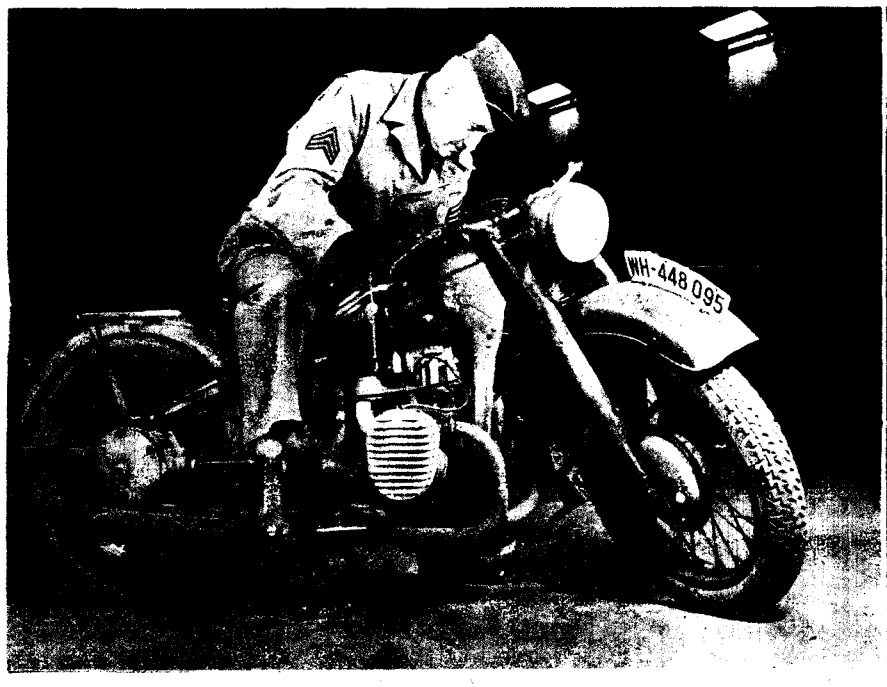
The German armored half-track personnel carrier is a six-cylinder, 100-horsepower job with a maximum speed of 40 mph. It carries two MG34 machine guns. This vehicle has a coffin-shaped body, and carries 10 men on two longitudinal seats. One machine gun is mounted to the right of the eleventh man, the driver, whose visibility is limited to two small glassed-in slots as shown above.



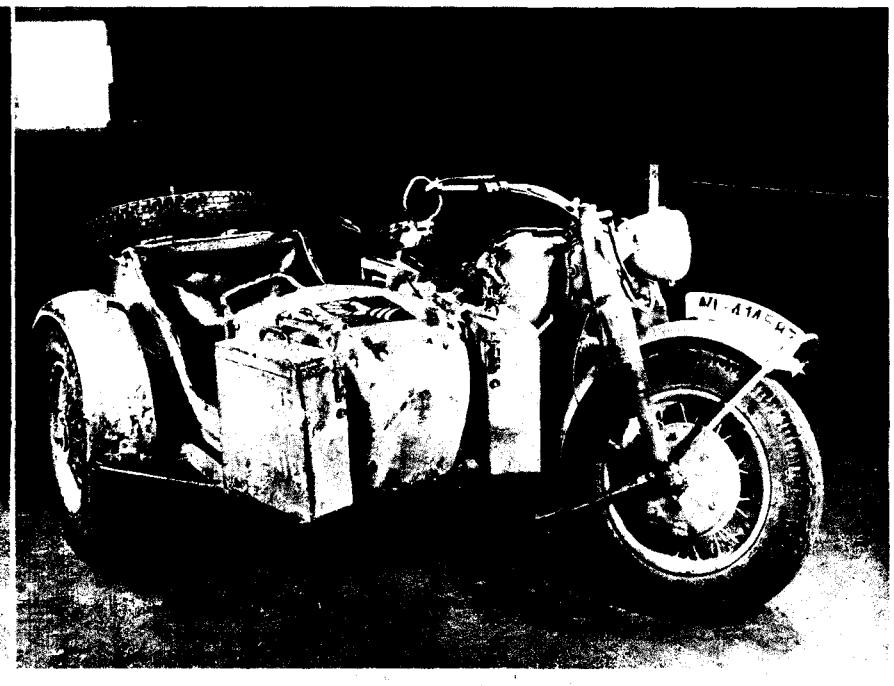
Interior of the half-track at left shows its unique inverted steering wheel. Included among instruments on the dashboard is a tachometer, indicating engine revolutions.

This is the German eight-ton half-track personnel carrier and prime mover. It has a passenger capacity of 12 men and is used as the standard tractor for the 88-mm dual-purpose gun.

The spare wheel on each side of the chassis of this German command and reconnaissance car turns freely to prevent bellying on rough ground. It has a V-8 engine, four-wheel drive, and can do 45 mph. There is no armament.



The Nazi BMW motorcycle has an opposed horizontal twin engine, driving the rear wheel by a shaft instead of a chain. Unlike most European models it has a hand gear shift similar to conventional U. S. models.



A side-car version of the BMW *(Bayerische Motoren Werke)* which has a unique motorcycle feature—a reverse gear. Unlike American models it has a hand clutch. This is as good as any motorcycle in the world.

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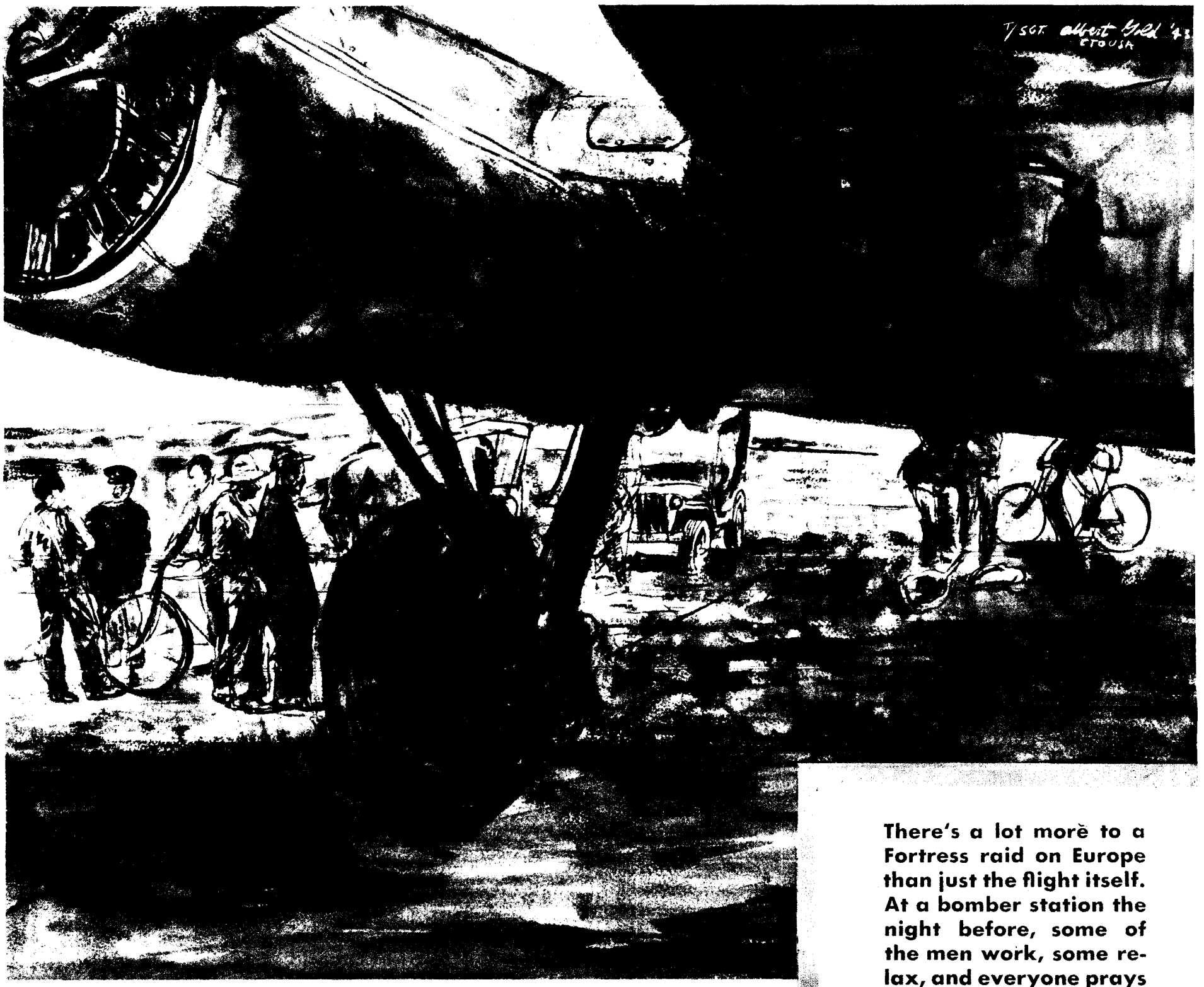

There's a lot more to a Fortress raid on Europe than just the flight itself. At a bomber station the night before, some of the men work, some relax, and everyone prays for good weather.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

A HEAVY BOMBER STATION, BRITAIN—Two second lieutenants, recent arrivals from the States, walked to the Officers' Club bar and ordered whiskies.

"Make it a double," said one of them.

"Sorry, sir, no whisky is sold during alerts," said the bartender, Cpl. James Mohafdahl of Dayton, Ohio.

"Oh, I see," the other lieutenant mused. "When'd the alert come through?"

"About 15 minutes ago, sir. Right, Dan?" The corporal turned to the other bartender, Pvt. Daniel Costanzo, an ex-cowboy and saloon owner from San Antonio, Tex.

"Yeah, about that long," Costanzo agreed.

The lieutenants smiled. "Well, we may as well get some sleep then," one said. They walked out.

"It's funny," the corporal said, "but I can practically always tell when there's going to be an alert and, better yet, whether the raid'll go through. It's just instinct. That's all. Just instinct. Ask Tiny. He'll tell you."

Tiny was a 6-foot, 260-pound former foundry worker, Pvt. Frederick Tard of Everett, Wash. He was also assigned to the club staff, but that night he was on pass.

"They're a swell lot of boys here," the corporal said. "There's no rank pulling. I've seen lots of them come in fresh from the States, and I've seen lots of them go on their first mission and never come back. There used to be one fellow, a lieutenant. He always used to come in and order a drink and never talk to anybody but me. He'd rather talk to me than to a lot of majors around. He went down on a raid. He always said: 'Corporal, you take care of me.' And believe me, I always did."

Another lieutenant walked in and asked for a whisky. Costanzo explained again that no hard liquor was sold during alerts. Beer was okay, though. The lieutenant bought a beer.

The corporal took up where he'd left off. "I don't know whether the lieutenant is a prisoner of war or not. But I'd sure like to meet him again. He was a nice guy. One thing, all these fellows know where to come when they want something. They see me, Jimmy. If it can be gotten, I get it."

A sign on the wall behind the bar read: "MEMBERS OF THE WORLD'S BEST AIR FORCE ARE SERVED AT THIS BAR."

Costanzo looked our way, paused for a moment and said: "We don't sell whisky the night before a raid."

Officers and the FO

BEYOND a one-lane winding road from the Officers' Club, deep inside a single-story building, was the intelligence room. Large maps of the fighting fronts adorned the walls, and colored markings indicated important enemy targets and other information about them.

Except for the maps, the intelligence room might have passed for a board of directors' office. In the center was a long, well-polished table, surrounded by eight comfortable leather chairs. In the corner was a radio playing soft, slow music transmitted by a British Broadcasting Corporation station. An S-2 first lieutenant relaxed in one of the chairs, his legs slung over its arm. A staff sergeant walked in and out of the room incessantly, always looking very serious, always carrying what appeared to be important documents.

The sergeant walked out of the room, then returned. "The FO is in, sir," he said.

"Okay," replied the lieutenant, "call the colonel."

Three other members of the S-2 staff walked in—Maj. F. J. Donohue, chief of the group's intelligence section, a former Washington (D. C.) lawyer; Capt. Wayne Fitzgerald of Kalamazoo, Mich., the group bombardier, and Capt. Ellis B. Scripture of Greensburg, Ind., the group navigator.

The three men sat down and watched as the sergeant tracked a narrow red tape from the spot on the map that represented the base in Britain to the enemy target that was to be bombed the next morning. The tape followed the exact course as directed by the field order.

Presently a tall, middle-aged man walked in. He was a good-looking guy with a friendly smile. This was Col. John Gerhardt of Chicago, commander of the group. With him was Lt. Col. David T. McKnight of New York, the air executive officer of the group. McKnight was short and had a personality that makes friends quickly.

Each colonel was eating a bar of candy and they offered a bite to everyone in the room. Col. Gerhardt stood before the map and studied it. Then he asked for a copy of the field order. A

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cat strolled by lazily. Lt. Col. McKnight stroked her back until she lifted her tail and purred. When the field order was brought in, the officers began to study it.

Superstition and Fate

THE base theater, which also houses the chaplain's office and serves as a church on Sundays, was filled to capacity that night, as it usually is. The sergeant gunners and officers apparently liked the film, because they laughed a lot and occasionally somebody whistled. The picture was "Duke of West Point," featuring Louis Hayward and Joan Fontaine.

Inside the Aero Club, run by the Red Cross, enlisted men were reading home-town newspapers, playing billiards or standing in line by a long counter for an evening snack. A round-faced sergeant with a neat black mustache, Vincent Barbella of Brooklyn, N. Y., was drinking a Coca-Cola and doing a lot of talking. With him was T/Sgt. Harry D. Cooper, a radio gunner from Dayton, Ohio, and T/Sgt. Robert E. Bellora, a top turret gunner from Ellwood City, Pa.

"Tomorrow's my 12-B," Barbella said, then laughed. "To hell with it. I won't call it 12-B. I'm not superstitious. I'll call it straight number 13. I certainly hope we go tomorrow, though," Barbella said. "That will make it about the sixth time I've been trying to make my thirteenth."

Cooper smiled. "You'll make it tomorrow. I'll bet anything on that. The night is clear and the odds are that it'll stay that way until morning."

"It's not the raids that bother me," Barbella said. "It's these damned abortions. People don't realize how much there is to making a raid. They figure all you do is jump in a Fort and up you go. They don't figure that weather out here can change within a half-hour, or that after a guy is up there for a couple of hours, something can go shebang with an engine or the oxygen system, and then you have to turn back."

I'm not taking any chances. I think my two .50s have a helluva lot to do with this fate racket."

Enlisted men from the theater filed into the Aero Club when the movie was over. A short, frail sergeant stopped and whispered something in Barbella's ear. Apparently it was some sort of a private joke. Barbella laughed so enthusiastically that he had to stand up.

"What the hell's eating you, man?" Cooper asked in a friendly tone.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing," Barbella replied. "But I'm going to eat somebody's stuff out if we don't go out tomorrow." He laughed again.

Disappointment and Hunger

TALL, bespectacled 1st Lt. David B. Henderson, in charge of the base photographic section, walked into the laboratory looking very sad.

"He wouldn't let me go. Said maybe it'd be okay next mission," Henderson said. He had just returned from the S-2 room where he'd asked Maj. Donohue if he could go on the next morning's mission. In civilian life Henderson worked for the Ashland Refining Company in Ashland, Ky. His job on the base was an important one, but you got the impression that he'd be happier as a sergeant gunner.

There was an aroma of fried onions in the laboratory. It came from a room where a couple of staff sergeants were packing film into the combat cameras.

Sgt. David B. Wells of Trona, Calif., walked into the room with a loaf of bread.

"No, sir. It's nothing like this back in the States. If we're hungry, we just scrounge some grub and prepare it right in here. Wish I had a nice piece of steak to go with those onions. A guy gets hungry at this time of night. I always get hungry before missions."

"You ain't kidding, bub," said T/Sgt. Berton Briley of Wilson, Okla. Briley was a musician in civilian life. Now he is a combat photographer.

THE BIRTH OF A MISSION

At an adjoining table a sergeant was reading a newspaper. Barbella turned and read the headlines. "Berlin," he said. "Boy, is the RAF giving them the works now. Boy, would I like to go there. It'd be nice to say I'd been over Berlin."

Bellora spoke up. "For all you know, you may get the chance. You never can tell. That's where they may send us tomorrow, but I doubt it. Tomorrow will make me 21 missions. Hell, it doesn't matter where you go. If it's going to get you, it'll get you over Bremen or over Emden or over Kiel or anywhere. It's all up to fate, I think. But

Lt. Henderson walked into the room and poured some coffee into a large tin cup. "There's nothing like a good hot cup of coffee at night. Too bad I can't go out in the morning."

Combat and Comradeship

THERE was no electric power that night in one of the squadron areas, so a group of lieutenants sat around inside their flat-roofed quarters and chatted by candlelight.

Four of them—Lt. Robert Sheets of Tacoma, Wash.; Lt. Jack Watson of Indianapolis, Ind.; Lt. Elmer W. Yong of Roachdale, Ind., and Lt. Joseph C. Wheeler of Fresno, Calif.—had joined the squadron only that week. They had been in the Fortress that buzzed the Yankee Stadium in New York during a World Series game in September. Mayor La Guardia raised an awful stink when that happened. The boys were hauled over the coals for it by their CO when they reported to their field in Maine.

"All of that looks funny now that we're going into actual combat," said one. "It's the first mission that counts. Once I get over the hump on that one I'll gain my bearings. I'm just itching to get that first one in."

A first lieutenant called Hapner, who kept talking about his home town, Hamilton, Ohio, stopped cleaning a carbine.

"I know just how you feel," Hapner said. "You change a lot after about the first five missions. I don't know how to put my finger on it, but you sort of become more human. You become more appreciative of the men you fight with and the men you live with. It's particularly bad when you lose some of the men on your crew, or if one guy finishes his ops ahead of you and then leaves the crew.

"My pilot just finished his ops and he's off combat now. He was a swell guy. He always said that as long as I was doing the navigating and he was holding the stick, we had nothing to worry about. That guy should have gotten the Congressional Medal if anyone ever should.

"Kit Carson went through more hell than anyone I know of, but he never complained. He was a very religious guy and talked about his mother an awful lot. He never talked about himself, though. Except for the way he talked, you'd never get it from him that he was from Texas.

"Kit lost his original crew. They went off without him once and never returned. He was really shook up by it. But would he complain?" Hapner turned as if expecting somebody to say something, then answered his own question. "No, Kit never complained."

"They assigned him as co-pilot on the *Brass Rail*. That's how we got on the same crew. The pilot at that time was Lt. John Johnson. Johnson was married and had a helluva pretty wife in East St. Louis, Ill. On a raid over Kiel, a 20-mm exploded against Johnson's side and killed him. The *Brass Rail* nose-dived about 4,000 feet and everybody in it thought sure they were goners. Ammo boxes and everything else were flying all over the plane. By some miracle, Kit was able to level the ship off. Except for Kit the whole crew would have been goners. He got the DFC for that. I really miss that guy."

The new lieutenants listened carefully. They had met Kit just before he left the squadron, but up to now they hadn't realized what he'd been through. One of the lieutenants said: "He certainly didn't toot his own horn, did he?"

"Well, neither will you after a while," Hapner said. "Combat does something to a man. You'll see."

Hapner began to undress. "Well, guess I'll turn in. It may be a long one tomorrow."

Armament and the Men

IT was 2230, and the weather was still holding up. A long single file of men, almost all of them with torches in their hands, walked out of a Nissen hut. They were the armament men. They talked, but in low tones. Most of the officers and gunners had turned in, and armament men respect sleeping men of the combat crews.

An armament man said: "Maybe we won't have to unload again for a change. It looks too good out tonight, even for English weather."

Two sergeants stopped playing blackjack for a minute and talked about the armament men. Almost everybody else in the hut was in his bunk. The two sergeants were sitting on the lower section of a double bunk. A spotlight hung from the spring of the upper bunk, throwing just enough light on the cards.

"I suppose we ought to turn in," said one. "It may be a tough one tomorrow. When it comes right down to it, these armament guys really have the toughest racket. It must be hell on them to load up and then have to go out and unload when a mission is scrubbed. I hope it isn't scrubbed tomorrow."

From the corner of the room came a loud protesting voice. It was a Southern voice. "Damn that fire. Who the hell wants a fire on at night? It only goes out before you get up, and then we're cold as hell."

"Aw, shut up, you rebel," another voice answered.

The Southern boy complained again. "Well, I don't want to be going on any missions with a cold. Somebody ought to throw water on the fire."

The sergeants who were playing cards stopped the game. One of them spoke up. "You're liable to blow the place up if you throw water into that stove now, boy."

"I don't give a damn," said the Southerner.

Dogs and the AAF

IT was 0400 and all the combat men were sound asleep. An excited voice bellowed out of the PA system.

"*Attention all combat crews! Attention all*

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combat crews! Breakfast until 0445. Breakfast until 0445. Briefing at 0500. Briefing at 0500."

In the kitchen of the combat mess, two cooks were standing by a stove with pans in their hands. They were frying eggs for the men scheduled to fly that morning.

"I don't know why it is," the short cook said, "but about every dog in England seems to have found a home on this base."

"You'll find the same thing on all the bases," the other cook said. "Even the RAF has its share of dogs. Some of them have seen more combat than a lot of guys."

"You know, I was thinking," said the short one, "almost every new crew brings in a dog from the States. Now, if some smart apple of a German spy wanted to figure the Air Force strength in Britain, all he'd have to do is figure how many dogs there are on the bases and then multiply it by 10."

The other cook gave the short one a disgusted look.

"You're as crazy a guy as I've ever met. Who the hell's going to chase all over Britain counting dogs? Besides, you've got to figure how many of these dogs get in the family way as soon as they land here. Trouble with you is, you read too many detective stories."

The short cook grinned. "Aw, I was only thinking," he said and went on frying eggs.

No. 25 and Herky Jerky

BRIEFING was over. A half-ton truck was rolling along the runway. It was about 0600, but still very dark. The truck turned into a narrow road and stopped at a small shed. Then about six men jumped out and went inside.

About 25 sergeants were cleaning caliber .50s on long benches. Above them were signs reading:

WITHOUT ARMAMENT THERE IS
NO NEED FOR AN AIR FORCE
LORD TRENCHARD, Marshal of the RAF

Sgt. Barbella was cleaning his guns alongside the top turret gunner on his crew, Dean Hall, a tall, slim boy from New Jersey. Hall and three others from the crew of the *Herky Jerky* were making their 25th mission that morning.

The sergeants carefully enclosed their guns in burlap bags and headed for the hardstand.

A Baby and a Mission

IT was five minutes before stations. Capt. Rodney E. Snow Jr. of High Point, N. C., walked over by the tail of the plane and stood there for a moment. It was a ritual with him, just as it is with a lot of other men who are flying in this war.

Snow's bombardier, Lt. George Lindley of Seattle, Wash., was smoking a cigarette and telling the left waist gunner about his baby son. The baby was born on Oct. 16 and Lindley was sweating out a picture that was supposed to be on the way over. The mission didn't seem to bother him, but the absence of the baby's picture did.

In the ground crew's tent, a little off the hardstand, two other men from the *Herky Jerky* were debating whether they'd even get off the ground that morning.

"No. 7 was always my lucky number, and I think this is the seventh time we're trying for this mission. So I guess we'll make it," said the co-pilot. He was a big strapping fellow, Lt. John Merriman of Spokane, Wash. Everybody on the crew razzed him about his large belly and somebody kidded him about being pregnant.

"No, that's what I got for being a chow hound, I guess," Merriman answered, taking it seriously.

Snow called on all the men to get into the plane. Then No. 1 engine was started. No. 2 followed and 3 and 4 began to roar next. The plane taxied up to the edge of the runway and in a few minutes it was airborne. And that was the beginning of the mission.

ANNIVERSARY PARTY. These Guadalcanal soldiers are celebrating the third anniversary of the date their 37th Division went into active service. They were back on the 'Canal after fighting in New Georgia.

Panama Newspaper Gives Daily Stock-Market Quotations

AN EMERGENCY AIRFIELD IN PANAMA—The *Brown N' White Herald* boasts a lusty daily circulation of two copies and a service that is almost unique among GI publications: two financial pages, with stock-market quotations as complete as those coming over the ticker tape of a Wall Street office.

This gazette—all five pages of it—rolls off a typewriter punched by Pfc. Sidney Sampson of New York City, and the two copies are posted on the bulletin boards in the day room and mess hall at this outpost. It's a morning paper, and the after-breakfast digestion of some of the Yanks here varies with the market fluctuations.

Sampson, publisher, editor and circulation man of the staid newspaper, worked in a New York security house before entering the Army. Every evening the GI devotes two hours of his own time to getting blow-by-blow reports of world events and the ups and downs of the stock market by short-wave radio from San Francisco. Using a home-made abbreviated Palmer method, Sampson jots down the data he uses for the *Herald* and meets his Underwood deadline at 2130.

The sheet contains three pages of war and national news and two financial pages, including a story on general trends of the market with comment on the day's leaders and a list of the nation's top stocks with closing prices. There are no pin-ups, cartoons or local GI news in the *Herald*.

"Every man who knows the market buys according to the way the weather runs," Sampson said. "If you watch the stock market closely, you can get a good insight into the war situation. That's about the main reason for my running these financial pages. If they click with the readers, these two pages can be educational by having the fellows keep in mind the industrial advances of the United States. Through a study of stock fluctuations, the guys can study military strategy and become their own war analysts. Some of my readers took to these financial pages the way a nervous bettor takes to the horse-racing sheets. Others just roared, more than they would at the comics."

Here's a typical lead from one of the *Herald's* articles reviewing the latest trends:

"The stock and curb markets took a steadying position after recuperating from Monday's selling wave. Special issues took the lead, with rails and utilities in the foreground. Wheat and grain stocks followed in the rise. Total sales on the big board were 1,507,000 shares. Closing prices on leading issues were as follows . . ."

Six of the GIs here, whose bank accounts don't have to sweat out pay day, are avid readers of the *Herald* financial pages. With the same interest they used to display in brokerage houses, they keep up on the stocks they owned before they got the President's greetings.

—Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

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"He edged up toward the Nazis as far as he could. There were fewer of them now and he let go. He got all of them and finally got the officer who had shot him."

Nickolai, Machine Gunner From Kharkov, Mowed Down Nazis Like Ripe Wheat

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

IRAN—Yanks in the Persian Gulf Command, working alongside Russian GIs on the supply route to the U. S. S. R., get a first-hand account of how the Red Army lives and fights at the front. For Iran, lousy as it looks to Yank eyes, is almost a rest camp to the Red Army, and most of the Russkis here are on short vacations from combat assignment.

One Yank who hung around with a recuperating Russian staff sergeant for 10 days is Pvt. Sammy Foust, a Conesville (Ohio) boy who is block operator on the railway from the Persian Gulf north. Sammy sees that the tracks are clear from his station to the next one up. He used to be a fireman on the Pennsy Panhandle.

"This Russki's name was Nickolai," says Sammy. "He came in with an all-Russian supply train and laid over 10 days. Told me his last name, but it was too tough to remember. He was in charge of the Russian train guards and as tough as they come.

"He'd been a machine gunner in the fighting on the Kharkov front before Kharkov was retaken by the Red Army. Kharkov was his home town and he had that to fight for. He had plenty more, too. He was only 26, and his wife and two kids had been killed by the Nazis when they moved in—hanged.

"Nickolai was friendly and easy to get along with. He and the rest of the Russki guards slept in a boxcar of the supply train and he came over evenings and ate with me. He brought his own rations and we cooked them together.

"He was a good cooking partner, but he was hell on waste. Usually, if I had anything left over from dinner, I'd go to throw it in the garbage can. He'd jump up and argue with me. Save it for the next meal, was his idea. He'd been where every scrap of food counted like gold.

"Nickolai was one of the biggest guys you ever saw. And built. He usually came over just in his pants, and his chest was something on the Jim Londos style. If I was cooking and shied away from a spatter of hot fat in the pan, he'd laugh and move up to the stove and let it scald him. He'd been in the Red Army for three years and there wasn't anything he was afraid of taking. Once, when he cut himself, I tried to put some medicine on the cut, but he shrugged me away.

"We talked by a mixed-up system. He spoke Turkish and I spoke coolie-style Iranian. The two were close enough so we could make sense out of each other. I had some railroad Russian which helped, and he was good at getting things over by sign language. He called me Stasha, which he said was Russian for Sammy. Before we were through he was speaking some English.

"It was after he'd been around for a couple of days that he showed me his wounds and told me about them. It all started when I asked him how many Nazis he'd killed. He rolled up his trousers and showed me three bullet wounds, two in his left leg and one in his right. Not chips, but deep, ugly ones.

"He'd been out on patrol when he ran into a bunch of Germans. He let loose with his machine gun and some Nazis fell. He showed me how they went down by a sweep of his arm. Then a Nazi officer got him one in the left leg. Nick kept crawling for cover and let go another burst and saw more Nazis fall. The officer got him again, this time high in the right hip.

"He passed out—'mush-mush,' he said; coolie talk for 'sleep'—for he didn't know how long. When he came to, he saw the Nazis were still there, and got off another short burst. The Nazi officer saw him and shot, the second time for the left leg. Nick passed out again.

"He was out for a longer time after this one, and the pain, when he came to, got him. That, and thinking about his wife and the kids and Kharkov. He edged up toward the Nazis as far as he could. There were fewer of them now and he really let go. Babies, he said they were. 'Mama, mama,' they cried. He got all of them and finally got the officer who had shot him.

"As he told this part, Nick got excited himself remembering it. The veins in his neck swelled up as if they were going to burst and sweat stood out on his forehead. I crowded back a little at this point. There's such a thing as being too damn realistic.

"Nick pulled himself up to the officer who had fallen with a handful of bullets in his gut. When he got to the officer, he took out the short knife he carried in his belt and cut the officer's throat and shook him. He was going to bite the officer in the neck for good measure when his own medics caught up with him and took him back to a field hospital.

"The medics wanted to amputate the left leg, but he talked them out of it. As soon as he was well enough to navigate, he went back on duty. He was sulky now because they'd sent him to Iran to recuperate. He felt well enough to go back to the front. Now he could go to meet the Nazis by way of a Russian Kharkov.

"The day the train was to leave, orders came returning him to combat duty. He came to say good-bye, very happy. I asked if he would remember me. He said, 'I shoot one German for Stasha and mark.' And he made a little X on the ground at his feet to show me how.

"With another dose of Nickolai coming up, I don't envy the Germans."

This Week's Cover

THIS vicious-looking machine, photographed by YANK's Sgt. George Aarons during the Tunisian campaign, is a PzKW VI *(Panzer Kampfwagen)* which translates literally as armored battlewagon. More often it was called the Tiger, but here with the sleeve knocked off its 88-mm cannon and resting against the muzzle brake, it is definitely a tamed one. See pages 2, 3, 4, 5 for photos of Nazi and Jap vehicles at Aberdeen (Md.) Ordnance Research Center.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. George Aarons. 2, 3, 4, 5—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 8—Signal Corps. 10—Upper, PA; lower, Signal Corps. 12 & 13—Sgt. John Bushemi. 16—Upper left, Hondo AAF, Tex.; upper right, Kelly Field, Tex.; center left, Brooks Field, Tex.; center right, Randolph Field, Tex.; lower left, AAFBTC, Fresno, Calif.; lower right, Geiger Field, Wash. 17—Upper, Sgt. Schnall; lower (left to right): 10th Armored Division, Camp Gordon, Ga.; ARTC, Fort Knox, Ky.; Sgt. Schnall. 19—U. S. Coast Guard. 20—Universal Pictures. 21—Warner Bros. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Signal Corps.

Almonds Rain From Heaven When Jerry Raids Mediterranean

SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—Sometimes it even rains almonds in this theater of war.

When Jerry raided this area recently, one of the things he hit was a carload of almonds, according to Sgt. Milton H. Parsons of a transport unit of the Twelfth Air Force Service Command.

"It was raining almonds around here," Parsons said, "and a sack of them fell on the steering wheel of a jeep in our motor pool. That made the horn start blowing. We told the officer in charge what it was, but he wouldn't let us out of the air-raid shelter until the raid was over. By that time the battery had run down."

During the same raid the German bombers hit a produce ship loaded with onions, destined for Army mess halls, and onions floated around the harbor for days. At least one GI was happy about the whole thing. He likes his hamburgers plain.

—Pvt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

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FIELD TEST. Col. Paul E. Howe (center), chief of the Nutrition Branch of the Surgeon General's Office, made a special trip to Italy to find out how soldiers react to the Army's chow. Here he's trying out some cold C rations with Pvt. Arthur Lee (left) of Dixon, Ill., and Cpl. Adolph Kocen (right) of Richmond, Va.

Salamaua Yanks Learned To Like the Pack .75

NEW GUINEA—To guys accustomed to handling .155s, the pack .75s seemed about as big as your bank account the night before pay day. "It looks like a carbide cannon to me," snorted one gun hauler. "It's a cap pistol on wheels," corrected another.

The little pack .75s had been fitted with high-speed gears, pneumatic tires and other modern gadgets. When the artillerymen trained with them on the mainland, they towed the guns behind jeeps and it wasn't half bad. Then they went to New Guinea.

When the drive on Salamaua started, the pack artillery was part of the original landing force at Nassau Bay. A lot of grandchildren will hear about that landing some day. The surf was 10 feet high, the night was black and the Japs were unfriendly.

Landing craft couldn't stay grounded because of the giant breakers, and several crashed in the dark, grinding up and over one another like amorous turtles. One of the boats started to sink and had to be lashed to another. But the pack artillery was landed, men, guns and ammunition.

The guns had to go into action and not at the beach, either. But the corduroy road leading to their emplacement point had disappeared into the sago swamp. Pack guns are designed so they can be broken down into small sections. In the black night, the artillerymen tore down their guns and piled them on machine-gun trailers. Jeeps started hauling them off toward their emplacement point.

It's easy to tell when you've gone as far as you can with a jeep in New Guinea; the jeep starts to disappear in the mud. When that happened for the artillerymen they unloaded the guns, put them together and dragged them a bit farther, with cats breaking the way as they went. But when they finally showed up at the proper place, the guns had been broken down again and were slung on poles. Pack guns are supposed to be carried by mules, but GIs do the lugging when there aren't any mules.

Set up, the guns fired with such accuracy that the Jap scrammed out of range. The guns were ordered up to Kitchen Creek. Their first position had been close to a dropping-ground and they were bombed daily with cases of bully beef. The guys felt it was hazardous enough eating bully beef, let alone ducking it, so they were willing to shove off.

Up to now, travel had been no cinch, but nothing in the Army is ever so bad that it can't get worse. The pack men had the help of engineers and 115 natives and they needed them all. Crossing one deep river, the guns were under water all the way while the men muscled their way over by hanging on to a cable. The current was so strong that Pvt. Hargan of Chicago, Ill., started slipping and was about on his way when he was yanked ashore by Pvt. Harold Reese from Three Creek, Idaho.

After crossing the river they reached the bottom of Lababia Ridge, a razor-back elevation 2,700 feet high that is probably the only place in the world where mud several feet deep clings to almost vertical walls. Sweating out that climb took almost all that the guys had in the way of strength, ingenuity and language. When they ran out of Yank cuss words they started on the Aussie vocabulary, graduated to a little native stuff and wound up inventing some beautiful new profanity.

The natives carried heavy pieces, too, and when they became exhausted and flopped down to rest, the boss boy would shout: "No. 1 musket shoot 'im Salamaua!" There would be cheers and the Fuzzies would pick up their loads and go on.

Toward the top of the ridge they ran into the Lookout, a sheer wall 150 feet high. Someone found a way to go around the side, got on top and lowered ropes. With footholds cut into the bank, the guns were finally hauled up and assembled. They were barking greetings to the Japs next day.

All through the advance on Salamaua, the little pack guns kept moving up as the Japs moved back. They were fine guns, and most of the men—even those who liked the .155 and resented the "carbide cannons" at first—fell for the pack .75s like Fuzzie Wuzzies for a case of cigarettes. Now the artillerymen look upon the guns the same as the carriers did and swear that "No. 1 musket" was not too high a compliment.

—Sgt. CHARLES PEARSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

HOLLYWOOD ARRIVES. Somewhere in New Guinea, Gary Cooper steps out of a plane, flanked by Phyllis Brooks (at left) and Una Merkel (right). The three toured the area entertaining Yanks and Aussies.

Corporal Skins Both His Knees Falling 125 Feet Down Algiers Well

ALGIERS—Maybe Spam is health-building after all. Cpl. Donald C. Roth of Danbury, Conn., fell down a 125-foot well the other night and came out of it with nothing more than cuts and bruises.

Returning to his ack-ack battery after an evening in the suburbs, the corporal mistook an Arab well house for the front door of a residence he was seeking.

About 20 minutes later, a battery guard was attracted by feeble moans issuing from the well house. Investigating, the guard discovered Cpl. Roth, who "looked no bigger than a flyspeck at the bottom of the well."

The guard gave the alarm and other battery mates collected all the rope they could find, but it was short by a good many feet. Roth called up that he wasn't hurt much, but that the water was neck-deep and plenty cold.

A few minutes later his pals backed up the battery's heavy wrecker, paid out 125 feet of cable and pulled Roth up on the power winch.

On the way down, the corporal said later, he lost count of the number of times he banged against the sides of the four-foot shaft. Total damage was only one cut eyebrow, one cut chin and two skinned knees.

Asked to issue a statement to the press, Roth said cautiously: "It's a damn good thing I wasn't drunk."

—Sgt. BURGESS H. SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

HOT ICE

SOMEWHERE IN LABRADOR—On a brief layover at this North Atlantic base, we met an old Eskimo chief who was giving GIs stationed here a Husky puppy for each old copy of YANK.

The chief can't speak more than a couple of words of English, but he invited us to his old shack with many gestures and bows. Inside we found that the entire right wall was covered with YANK pin-ups.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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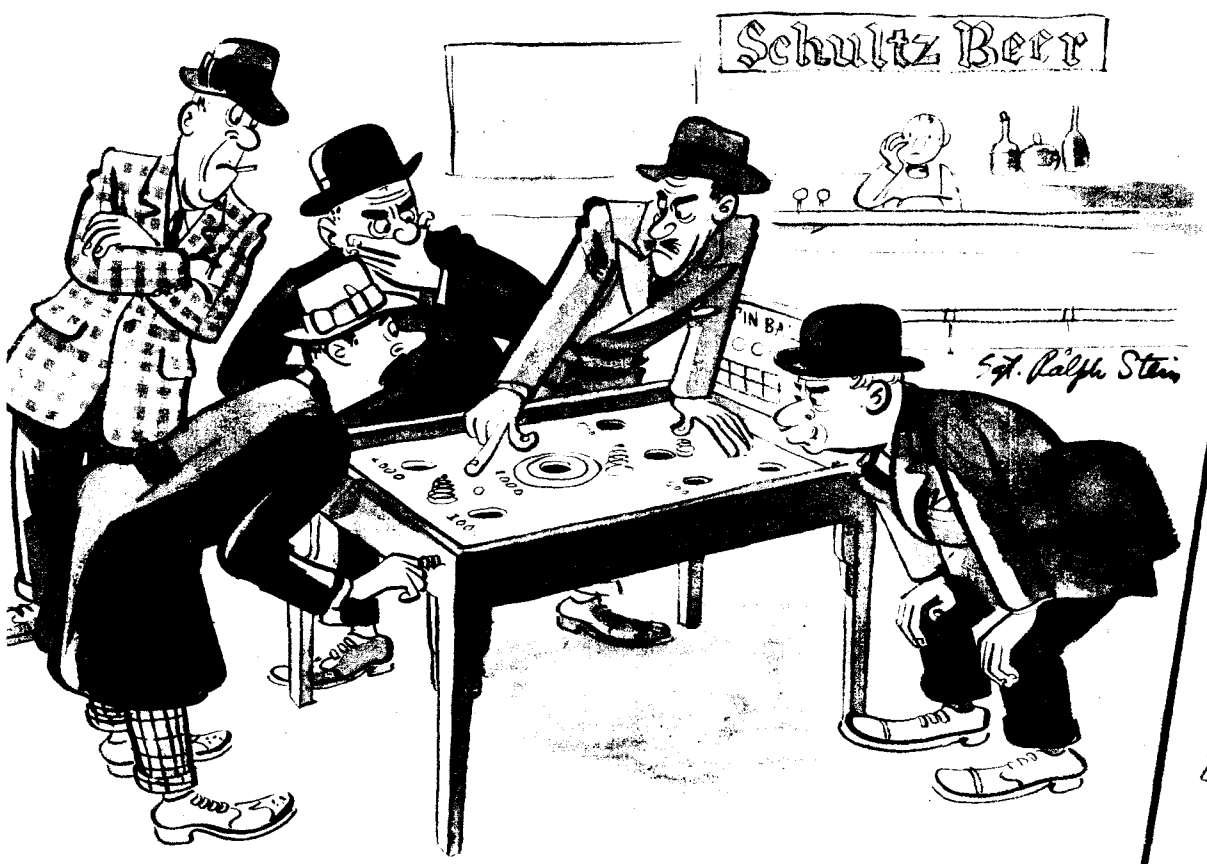
CIVILIAN CLASSIFICATION DEPT.

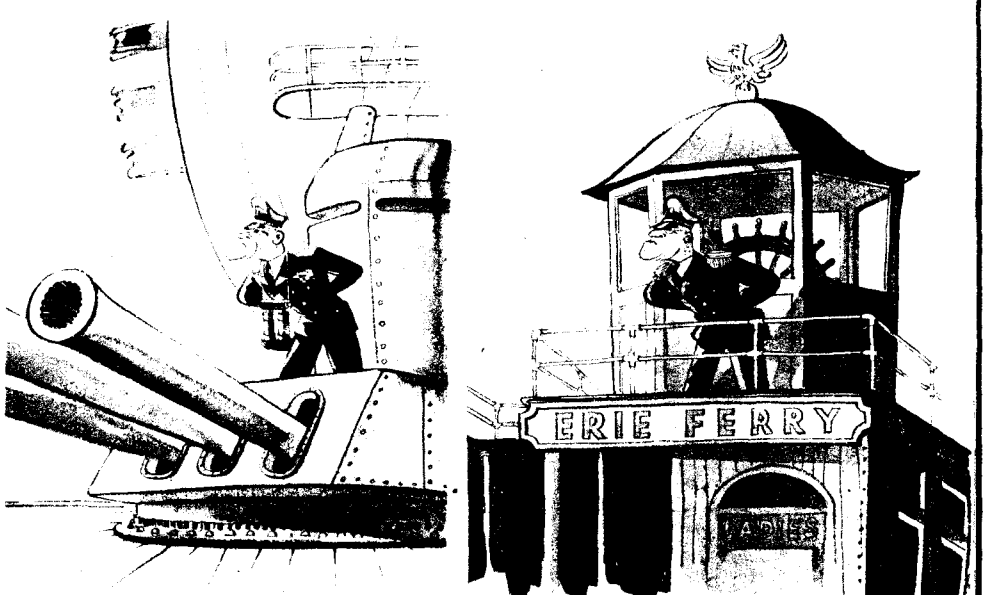
By Sgt. RALPH STEIN

Just as the Army has the right job for every civilian, this post-war plan aims to find the right job for every soldier.

For every rank and every rating the post-war world has places waiting.



The target's Sector H today; Tomorrow it's the Milky Way



The face that launched a thousand ships may lead assaults on ferry slips.

The paths of glory lead to fame; civilian life is much the same.

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1. Good eats for old Shellbacks like Comdr. R. Jasperson. They get the best on the big day.

2. SOS, or chipped beef on toast, for Pollywogs like S/Sgt. Mike Cancellier, who's to be initiated.

3. This Pollywog's job is to make up beds and be a general detail man for Navy Shellbacks.

7. This is how *Neptune Rex* baptizes a future subject. After the Royal Beautician and the Royal Barber do an artistic job of chopping up his hair and smearing his face with grease, the barber chair goes into reverse and the victim with it. Then a couple of tough Navy men duck the breath out of him. Then he's a Shellback.

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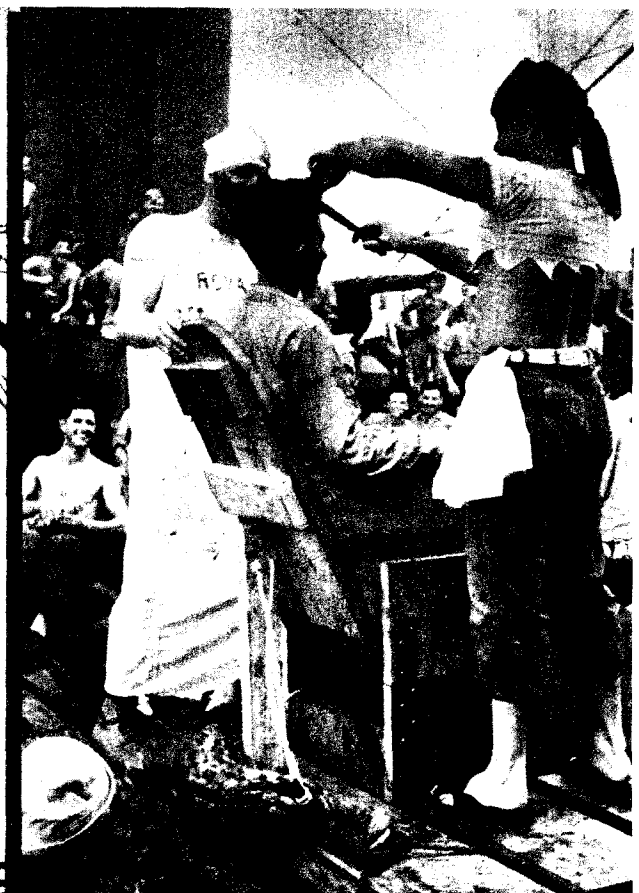
A veteran Shellback, with fiendish ingenuity, prepares the hot seat before the ceremonies.

5. Lt. Michael Corio on watch. He gives signal to begin ceremonies when he "sights" the equator.



6. The ceremonies start as the Royal Beautician and Barber hack up a victim.

WHEN a Navy ship crosses the equator, the old ceremonies led by King Neptune are still held even though there's more Army than Navy aboard. YANK's Sgt. John Bushemi took these pictures on a ship carrying an infantry battalion to fight the Japs in the Gilbert Islands. Each victim, rank or no rank, is initiated into the Order of Shellbacks "without justice."

"But that ain't all," as Gov. Talmadge of Georgia used to say. After his ducking the Royal Doctor gives him a pill for his pains. The after effect of the pill has unfortunately been censored.

9. Last of all, he kisses the greased stomach of the Royal Baby, enthroned with the Queen, Princess and King.

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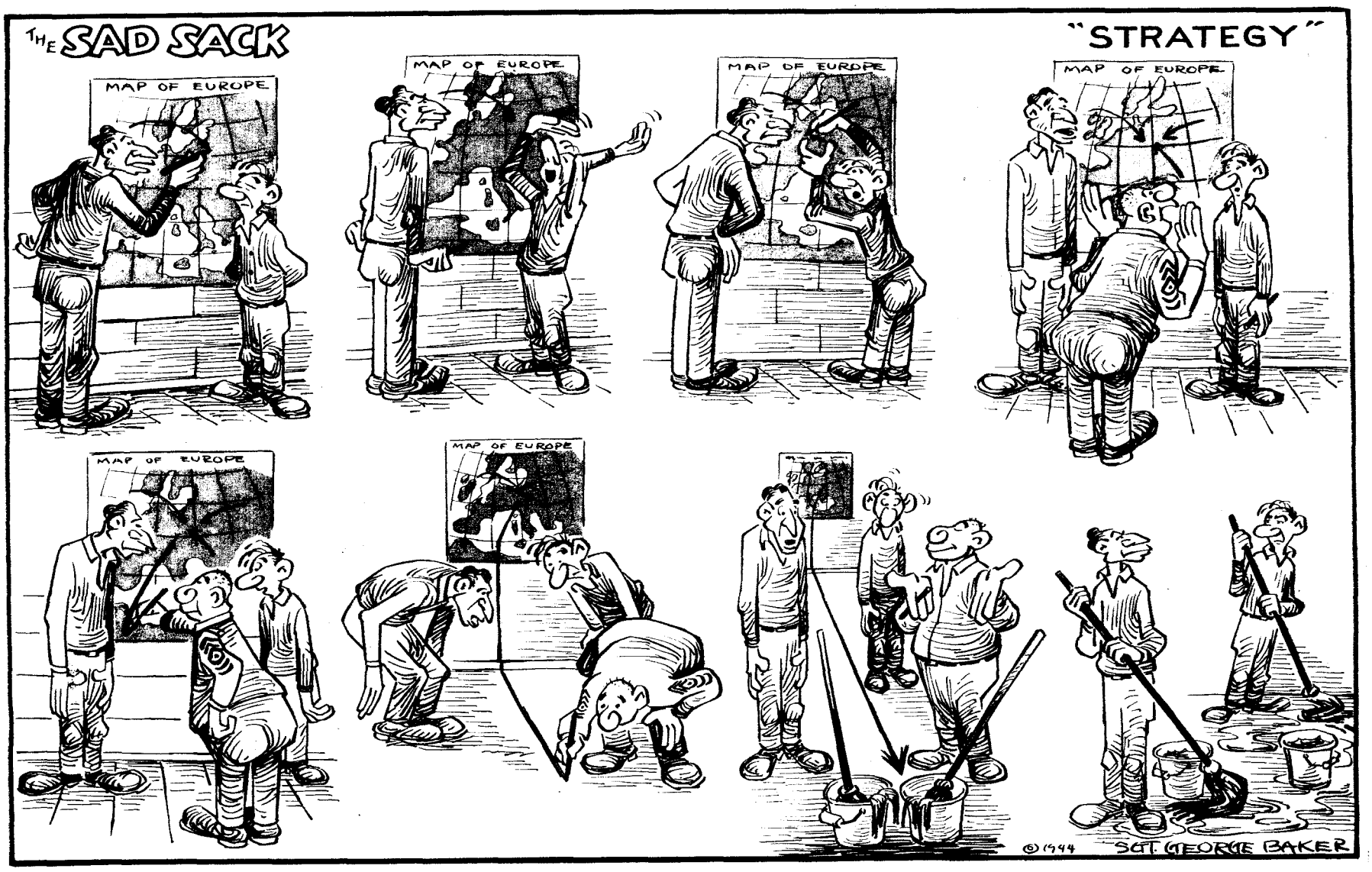

STOP THE PRESSES BY THE NUMBERS

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

IT'S about time someone paused to pay tribute to the Army camp newspaper. I want three volunteers—you, you and you—to pause and pay tribute. Editors of GI papers are revolutionizing journalism, and anybody who says they aren't is talking through his helmet liner.

For instance a few days ago I picked up the Fort Ord *Panorama*, and when I laid it down a moment later I was trembling with astonishment and joy. Here's what I found in a prominent page three box:

This week's cover picture shows . . . troops . . . on the obstacle course. . . . Unfortunately the picture is an example of how "mugging" on the part of subjects detracts from the main idea. It was used this week as a last-minute substitute for a picture which could not be turned out in time to meet the deadline.

That, fellow yardbirds, is straight-from-the-shoulder, heart-to-heart newswriting! I've been watching the *Panorama* ever since, hoping perhaps to see something like the following:

Our big news story this week is pretty dull stuff. We know you men aren't excited about the results of the National Government Life Insurance drive, but the old pressure was pretty strong—so here it is.

And other camp papers, following this courageous lead, may soon be running little squibs like this:

Fellows, we're sorry about that corny feature concerning the childhood buddies who discover they're in the same outfit. However, we had that space to fill, and it was a choice between that and the one about the guy whose feet were so big the QM had to order special shoes. We hope our readers will agree we chose the lesser of two evils.

Life in a camp newspaper office, judging from the new trend started by the *Panorama*, must rock along pretty much in this manner:

EDITOR (a bespectacled T-6): All right, staff, gather round. I'm writing up this week's "Apologies for Silly Items." Sound off!

COPY BOY (a tech sergeant): You asked me to remind you to apologize to our readers for that visiting-general story. Remember, you said nobody cared about visiting generals, but when you printed one you had to print them all; otherwise you'd get a kick-back through channels.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: And tell our readers for me, please, that I sure fumbled that picture of the private getting the Soldier's Medal for bravery.

EDITOR: Yeah. A couple of officers in that picture would have been enough. You got seven of them in.

PHOTOGRAPHER: They all muscled into the picture. I didn't have the rank to chase them out. Also mention that one of the officers is waving his hand in front of the private's face. That sort of spoils the effect.

EDITOR: Anyone else? I'm running the usual explanation about the "Cozy Chats With the Chaplain" column, saying that we use it each week at the suggestion of higher echelons of command.

REPORTER: You ought to explain about that group of middle-aged women staring out at the reader from page 2. That's the Wednesday Afternoon Literary Circle, and the colonel's wife is a prominent member.

WAC REPORTER: It's none of my business, but who writes that gossip column? I think it calls for some sort of explanation to our readers!

REPORTER: I write it, sister. It's lousy, but no worse than that cute feature you did this week—the one where the reader thinks the guy's in battle, advancing on the enemy, but at the very end you find out he's just sweating out the PX line. After all, sister, it's been a long time since your high-school days.

WAC: Why you cheap broken-down hack.

EDITOR: Now, now! No personalties! Let's see. . . . I've mentioned the poetry and the jokes. And that three-column story on discipline and teamwork that the colonel's secretary brought over. I think that covers everything. Okay, staff! Fall in, and get to work on next week's issue! Same stuff as last week—lively features, bright fresh humor, straightforward news. Ready! Forward, harch!

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Gen. Marshall Reports to YANK

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON—Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, granted an exclusive interview to this YANK reporter to tell of his trip from the time he left Cairo, Egypt, on Dec. 8 until he returned to Washington 15 days later. The interview marked the first time Gen. Marshall had spoken for publication since he visited the Persian Gulf, India, Australia, New Guinea, the Solomons, New Hebrides and Hawaii.

The Chief of Staff saw GIs in the hospitals and at the stations, on reviews and in unannounced inspections, on the training courses and on transports leaving for combat. He was with Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Allied commander of the Southwest Pacific, and Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger, commander of the Sixth Army, on the day American troops swarmed ashore at Arawe, New Britain.

How does our Chief of Staff think those GIs are doing? Gen. Marshall had this to say:

"It was a great reassurance to find the high state of morale everywhere I went, particularly on the part of the patients in the hospitals who had suffered the most. Their fine spirit was very stimulating and impressive."

He spoke of the fight against malaria. "I was especially gratified to find that the malarial hazard had been largely bested by fine discipline and elaborate arrangements. The contrast between the incidence of malaria six months ago and today is pleasing."

Then, speaking more directly of the men again, he said:

"Of course, I was inspired by the high spirit with which the men meet the hardships of life in the jungle and the isolation and monotony involved. While we are doing everything we can to better the conditions under which they live and operate, nevertheless I have the feeling we do very little in comparison to the magnificent service they are rendering the country.

"Throughout the command, the soldierly spirit was a conspicuous indication of the determination of everyone to smash the Japanese forever in the Pacific. I returned home with a feeling of tremendous confidence in the future."

GEN. Marshall was signing papers when I was brought into his office in the Pentagon Building. He nodded toward a chair and said he would be through in a minute. I noticed as he signed his name that he makes a couple of circles with his pen before putting it to the paper.

While he was signing the papers, I had a chance to look over his office. It is about the size of an orderly room in a training camp. His desk was bare except for the inevitable "in" and "out" baskets, a telephone, desk blotter and a penholder with two pens. The desk is a historical item that once belonged to Gen. Phil Sheridan, and it faces away from the windows. When he swings around in his modern executive's chair, the general can look out over a lagoon and see in the distance the Potomac River, the Jefferson Memorial, the Washington Monument and farther away the Capitol and other government buildings.

Directly across the room is a Seth Thomas grandfather clock, flanked by the American flag on one side and the Chief of Staff's flag with its four stars on the other. An oil painting of Gen. Pershing hangs on the wall to the right of Gen. Marshall as he sits at his desk. Another oil painting on the facing wall shows men in action in the first World War. At least two items relating to George Washington are in the room—one a picture showing him addressing the Continental Congress, the other his coat of arms.

GEN. Marshall sketched his trip in some detail for YANK. Leaving Egypt on Dec. 8 after participating in the Cairo and Teheran conferences, he flew to Bahrein in the Persian Gulf Command and then to Karachi, India, where he had a chance to see the training of Chinese pilots and crews. He put in a special word for the outfit that handles cargo out of Karachi, terming it "a great organization."

The general took off the next afternoon for Ceylon, the island base at the lower tip of India, and arrived late in the evening. The next day brought the longest single lap of his trip, a flight of 3,400 miles straight across to Australia, where startled GIs at isolated stations on the west coast of Australia and south of Darwin saw their Chief of Staff for the first time. Here he sandwiched in talks with some of the men at the stations and in the hospitals.

At field headquarters in the Southwest Pacific are (left to right): Lt. Gen. George C. Kenney, commander, Allied Air Forces in the Southwest Pacific; Maj. Gen. S. J. Chamberlin (holding coat), Gen. MacArthur's operations officer; Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger, commander, U.S. Sixth Army; Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, and Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Allied commander, Southwest Pacific.

On his next stop, Port Moresby, New Guinea, Gen. Marshall inspected the hospitals, depots and the field at the air base there. He saw the Buna area, the region around Milne Bay and an island to the north. It was at this time that he met Gen. MacArthur and Lt. Gen. Krueger. The Chief of Staff toured the camps in that region in what he described as a "torrential downpour." Late the following day he and Gen. MacArthur flew over Milne Bay and back to Port Moresby. All of his flights over New Guinea were made in a bomber with Lt. Gen. George C. Kenney, commander of Allied Air Forces in the Southwest Pacific.

After leaving Port Moresby, he flew direct to Guadalcanal where he took another bomber and flew up to the northern Solomons. The installations at Munda, New Georgia, came under his eye, and then he came back on a different course to see Tulagi in the Solomons.

"Then I flew on to the New Hebrides," Gen. Marshall continued in a conversational tone. "I inspected the Army and Navy base at Espiritu Santo and went through the hospitals there. Then I went on to the Fiji Islands where I saw troops embarking. From there I moved north, went through the camps, visited patients in hospitals and talked to men assembled in open-air meeting places."

His next stop toward Hawaii took him to Canton Island where he saw a night demonstration of antiaircraft firing.

A heavy schedule jampacked his two days in Hawaii. There he met with Adm. Chester W. Nimitz, commander in chief of the Pacific fleet, his commanders and staff.

Leaving Hawaii at night, he winged on to Los Angeles and arrived in time to meet leaders of the movie industry the next morning. In the afternoon he visited aircraft factories and in the evening he met heads of the aircraft industry. Then the next morning he left for Washington. He arrived here that night at 2200.

Here's one for the California GIs to explain. On his entire trip, the weather stopped Gen. Marshall only once—in Los Angeles. It kept him waiting there overnight.

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205 EAST 42d ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

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CPL. LILLIAN WALDHELM OF HONDO FIELD, TEX.

SGT. RUTH P. COOPER OF KELLY FIELD, TEX.

CPL. HELEN YESKA OF BROOKS FIELD, TEX.

CPL. LOIS V. WHITE OF RANDOLPH FIELD, TEX.

VICTORY WACS. The four Air Wacs above, three corporals and a sergeant, all have the resplendent title of "Miss Victory." They were chosen by sister soldiers on the basis of "ability, background and personality" as typical of Wacs helping the Army Air Forces at more than 150 fields throughout the country.

GI Dreamer

Camp White, Oreg.—One day Pvt. Vic Halote was sent to the sales commissary where his eyes took in row upon row of canned goods and delicacies. He asked if these things were for sale and when told they were, he loaded up a good-sized boxful.

The cashier started to add up the cost and said: "Soldier, you must have been saving up a lot of points to buy all that stuff."

"Points?" Halote asked. "What's this points business?" And then he was told. Back went all those nice canned shrimp and fruits and stuff, and Pvt. Halote left empty-handed.

Marked Molars

Camp Haan, Calif.—T-4 John J. Sowienski of Hq. Btry., 390th, made absolutely certain at a recent showdown inspection that he was complying with regulations.

He laid out equipment and clothing, checking each article to make sure it was properly marked. In a conspicuous place, he laid his latest GI acquisition—a spare set of false teeth, boldly marked across the top: S-8563.

Sick Call

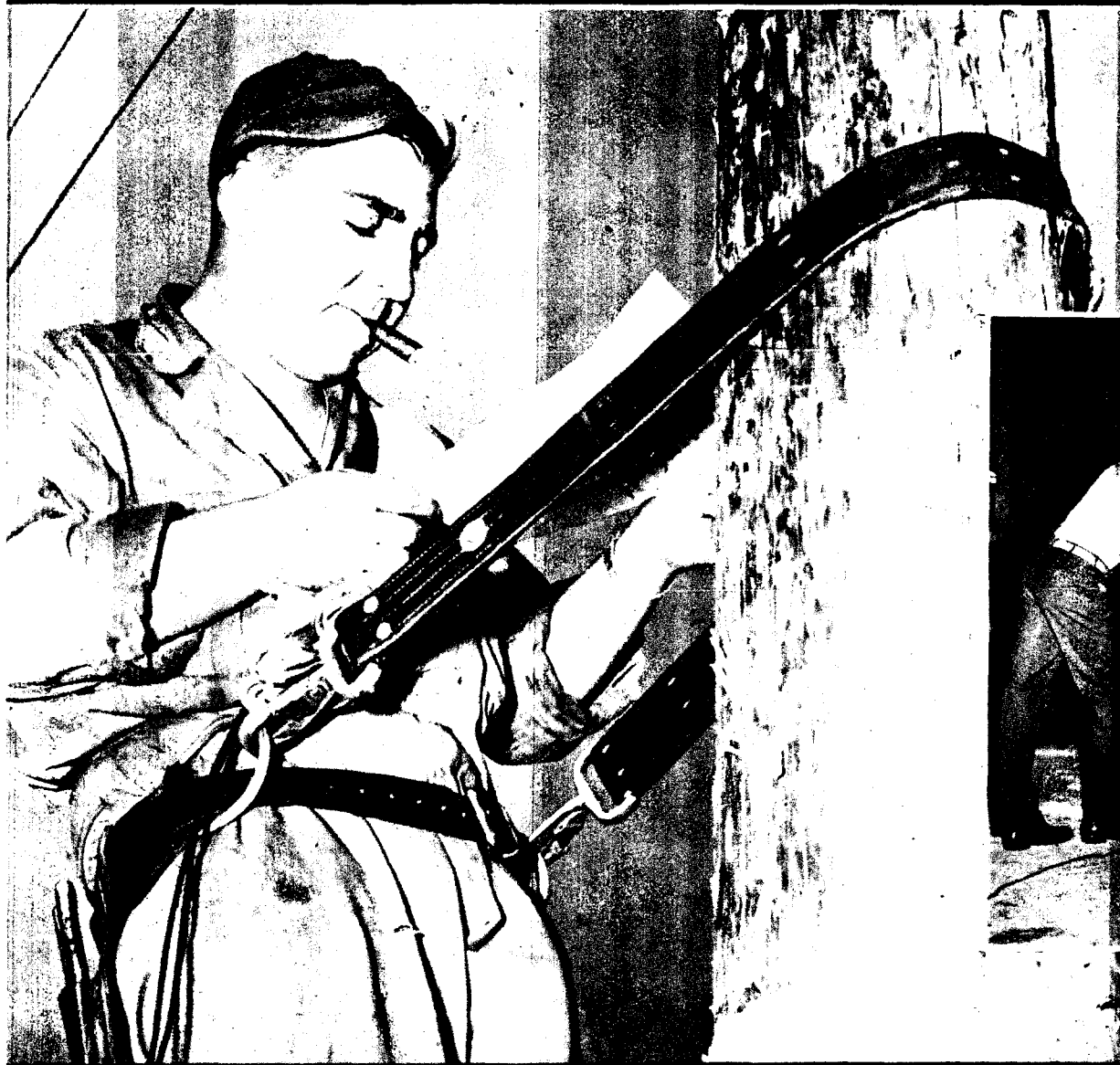
Lincoln Army Air Base, Nebr.—Pfc. Edward Bazzell of the 401st Tng. Gp. went to the dispensary to get something for his cold and was sent to the hospital.

"Send your sick book up here," the hospital directed Sgt. Rudolph Raphelson, 401st CQ. "We've got Bazzell in the hospital."

So Sgt. Raphelson dispatched Pvt. Ernest Appel with the sick book via bicycle. A little later the phone rang and it was the hospital calling again.

"Send a man up here for your sick book and bike. We've got Appel in bed, too."

CAMP NEWS



PERSONAL. Pvt. Frank F. Plastina of Brooklyn has saved this moment in the air to absorb a letter from the girl friend who's from the same town. He's a member of a Signal Co. at the AAFBTC at Fresno, Calif.

BARBECUE JIVE. At George Washington Carver USO, Geiger Field, Wash., S Sgt. George Maxwell lights up the barbecue pit as Pfc. Howard Martin and lady do some light jumping in the foreground.

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Helping Hand

Spence Field, Ga.—Sgt. Gene Dawson returned from detached service one night long past lights out. As he started to fumble about making his bed in the dark, he heard footsteps behind him. Then a flashlight beam darted into the room. "Hold that light until I get this damned bed made, will you, bud?" he growled.

There was no response, and as the flashlight beam went up and down the line of beds, Dawson became suspicious. He got into bed.

Then a voice asked: "Are you all comfy now, Sgt. Dawson?" The sergeant looked up into the face of his CO.

Do Not Disturb

Camp Roberts, Calif.—A trainee named Woods has a reputation for being very fond of slumber. One night on bivouac a gas alarm was sounded. The whole battalion donned gas masks and stood at alert—all except Woods. He found a slit trench, took time to put on his mask and then curled up to sleep. An inspecting officer happened by, nudged Woods and said: "What's this?"

The sleepy private sat up, lifted his mask clear of his mouth and said distinctly: "Gas!" Then he replaced his mask and slumbered off again.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Stewart, Ga.—Try running a mile wearing fatigues and GI shoes and see what time you make. At this camp T-5 Cornelius T. Taylor, a full-blooded Creek Indian, covered a square, sandy course, 440 yards to a side, in 5:06.

Charleston Navy Yard, S. C.—"Boot" is the title of a new book authored by Cpl. Gilbert P. Bailey, USMCT. It relates Bailey's experiences at the Marine Training Station at Parris Island and contains 39 full-page photos. Cpl. Edward J. Freeman and Pfc. John H. Burch Jr. took the pictures.

Camp Barkeley, Tex.—Give Pvt. Saul Katz of the 1st MPTC a dueling sword and you've got a tough MP to cope with. Pvt. Katz was intercollegiate dueling-sword champ in 1935 while he was attending New York University.

Gowen Field, Idaho—When T/Sgt. William R. Johnston and his bride arrived in Boise a day earlier than their hotel reservations called for, they couldn't find a room anywhere in town. So, assisted by a helpful hotel clerk who supplied blankets and pillows, they spent that one night of their honeymoon in the hotel lobby.

Charleston POE, S. C.—Pvt. Mildred Meiers of the WAC Det. here gathered, indexed and cross-indexed 5,000 jokes in the course of a year while she was still a civilian. The result is a volume titled "Thesaurus of Humor" being published by the *Infantry Journal* in pocket-sized editions for the armed forces.

ASTU, Princeton, N. J.—Ken. Miller, E Company trainee here, became a riveter for a day when he went to Portland, Maine, for the launching of the 100th Liberty ship by the New England Shipbuilding Corp. Ken and his mother hammered home the last rivet in the ship, which was named for Ken's father, Webb Miller, United Press correspondent killed during an air-raid blackout in London in 1940.

GOOD SOLDIER. Sgt. William McCutchun suffered injuries to his eyes from an explosion in the Aleutians but refused a discharge. He's now teaching GIs to drive Army vehicles at Boise Barracks, Idaho.

Camp Gordon, Ga.—Pvt. Ernest M. Sawyer was first assigned to a tank company but was quickly transferred to the MPs of the 10th Armd. Div. here. The reason: Sawyer is 6 feet 10 inches, four inches taller than the Army allows for tank men. A clerical error had him down as being only 6 feet 6.

Camp Livingston, La.—Sgt. Wilson Purdue could see that his watch was running but when he raised it to his ear, he couldn't hear it tick. But his visions of a CDD went glimmering when another GI walked over and removed gun patches from his ears.

Blytheville Army Air Field, Ark.—Pfc. James Downend saved his pay religiously to buy his gal a pedigreed dog. The animal set Downend back about $50, but he figured it was worth it. Off went the present and a week later back it came, with a letter: "I just don't like dogs." Now Pfc. Downend is stuck with a mouth to feed—one too darned expensive to just kick out of the barracks.

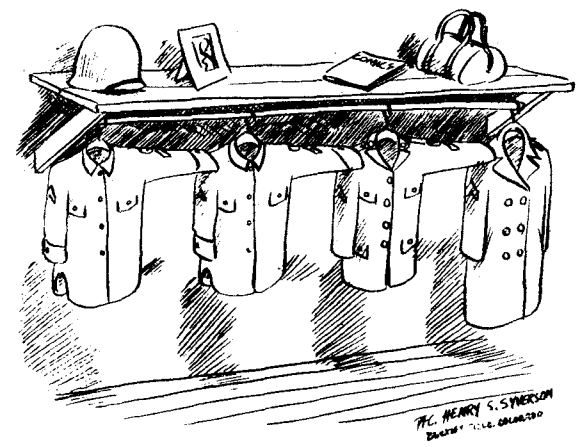
Send us pictures, news items or interesting features about your camp. Address your material to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that it be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.

Fort Lewis, Wash.—S/Sgt. G. E. Sheldon is pleased that GIs are not too keen about policing up the area around PX No. 9. One afternoon the sergeant accidentally dropped a five-dollar bill. He discovered his loss the next morning, dashed back to the PX and found the fin just 10 feet from the steps.

Fort Devens, Mass.—Some GIs here got taken when they bet Pvt. Ernest Henderson that he couldn't "swallow" a bayonet and he did it with ease. Later the losers learned that in civilian life he was Don Avarro, professional sword swallower.

SHORT SNORTS

A columnist on the *News*, **Farragut NTS, Idaho,** has figured out that a Bluejacket buttons and unbuttons his traditional 13 trouser fastenings approximately 28,270 times a year which, if multiplied by two million, the approximate number of men in the Navy, means 56,540,000,000 buttonings and unbuttonings. . . . One of the questions on an exam paper confronting Cpl. Everett Macey at **Bradley Field, Conn.,** was: "What is gasoline?" His answer "A rationed substance." . . . A GI at **Camp Crowder, Mo.,** approached a supply sergeant with a tie to be salvaged. The sergeant could find nothing wrong with it, so the dogface told him: "It's wrinkled." . . . Duty-bound KPs have hung this sign above the door of a mess-hall kitchen at **Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.:** "ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE." . . . The young son of an officer at the **Rapid City (S. Dak.) AAB** was asked if he wanted to grow up to be a supply officer like his father. The youngster shook his head and answered: "Nope. I want to be a 4-F like my uncle." . . . . While conducting a map-reading test, a major at **Camp Carson, Colo.,** offered to buy a beer for the first soldier who could identify a designated point on an aerial photo. One GI gave the photo a five-second glance and piped up: "Sir, that's the WAC barracks." He got his beer.



—Pfc. Henry S. Syverson, Buckley Field (Colo.) Armorer

NCO BILLBOARD. In this sign painted by T-4 Louis J. Short of 10th Armored Division at Camp Gordon, Ga., YANK's Sad Sack is used to give fair warning that privates can keep away from the noncoms' club.

HAVE A CHAW. Living with GIs has changed Sammy Chipmunk's habits; he's changed from nuts to gum. Helping him in this unnatural habit is Pvt. Marion Montgomery at the ARTC, Fort Knox, Ky.

MAN TRAP. You'd be a booby to pull that cloth down, admitting the temptation. T-4 Ernest Robert did the booby-trap painting for combat training at Camp Kohler, Calif. Curiosity trips the trap.

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Dear YANK:

The *Sad Sack* cartoon called "Officers Only" in a December issue sure hit this town at the opportune moment. Military authorities here have decreed that "establishments featuring dancing, dining and drinking must either entertain commissioned officers or enlisted personnel exclusively or provide separate facilities for the two sections of the Army forces." This means that a GI cannot have dinner in a public dining room with his brother, uncle, father or friend, if they are officers.

I wonder if this is democracy? Take a look at your *Message Center* column and see the number of GIs who are trying to contact friends who are officers. If a GI and a friend who happens to be an officer are lucky enough to hit the same town at the same time, why can't they have a drink and dinner together?

—T/Sgt. ALBERT L. WHEELER

Second Air Force, Colorado Springs, Colo.

MAIL CALL

Punishing Germany

Dear YANK:

I should like to take exception to one or two proposals in Pvt. Irwin Shaw's article, "Flood Control on the Rhine," published in a December issue. The first is his statement that all German heavy industry that could be turned into arms production at any time should be completely dismantled. Are we to prohibit forever the making of automobiles, trucks, tractors, farm implements, radios, refrigerators, tools, road machinery and like equipment in Germany? Are we going to reduce her to a completely agricultural nation? Such a scheme would be a perfect target for another German demagogue to shoot at, and one for which he would find a receptive audience.

Next, Pvt. Shaw remarks that the officer class "must be automatically included among the Nazi criminals listed for punishment after the war. However much we admire their courage and tenacity, their skill and daring, we must remember that these qualities are vices in an enemy." This doesn't make much sense to me. Courage and tenacity, skill and daring are qualities born into a man, developed by a military training. It is not for these "vices" that many of them must be listed as criminals. They must be tried for specific crimes. It is the deed that is wrong, not the skill with which it was executed. We can hardly convict a German lieutenant for merely following, however skillfully, the orders of his superior officers as he has been trained to do.

Geiger Field, Wash. —Pfc. SAM B. MAYO

Emergency Furlough

Dear YANK:

There were two letters in your magazine about the soldier going home to see his sick dog. About a week before this happened, my wife had a baby. My CO approved a furlough and it went to the personnel office, and that's as far as it got. You would think by the fine play they gave it in the papers and news reels that a dog was more important than a baby being born.

Camp Gruber, Okla. —Pfc. STEPHEN MAHALSKY

Dear YANK:

In reply to the letters headed "Emergency Furlough" in a December issue, I wish to submit the following information. Sgts. C. V. Bruce and R. A. Dawyer along with several other cadre seemed quite upset because I was allowed to go home for three days to see my dog. Apparently these men have never known the love of a dog. I won't bother to go any further on that subject, though, because it wouldn't be appreciated. The main thing is that it would be better for some people to become acquainted with the real nature of a situation before they start yapping and bitching. They usually turn out to be wrong as they happen to be in this case.

First of all, the Red Cross "arranges" nothing. The Red Cross employs its facilities in the confirmation or rejection of information that is received by the Army. In my case the Red Cross confirmed the information that had been received by the Army and had nothing more to do with my case. I think it would be a waste of time trying to explain any more to these narrow-minded people. Suffice to say I was shown no partiality by the Army and nothing was "arranged" by the Red Cross.

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Pvt. FRANKLIN HIGGINS

Soldier-Voters

Dear YANK:

I notice by the papers that the Senate has defeated the bill to make it easier for us to vote in the presidential election. The resolution they did pass was ridiculous. Everyone knows that an individual state can do nothing more than send a ballot on request. Can it be that some of the senators are afraid of our votes? Or do they figure that we are good enough to fight the war, but not good enough to vote on the officials who will write the peace? Whatever their reason, it isn't democracy or Americanism. It might be a good idea to publish their names so that we can vote against them when we do get a chance.

Hawaii —Pvt. GORDON MONROE

Dear YANK:

I am enraged. I have just heard that Congress has passed a measure which would, in effect, prevent every fighting man overseas from voting in the coming Federal elections. Every man and woman who has donned the clothes of the armed forces of this country has left home, his private life, his family and friends, and all the privileges and pleasure of a civilian, only to find that Congress, and thereby the people, he is fighting for, is taking away from him the basic privilege of every citizen of the United States—the right to vote. I know that in theory we may be allowed to vote; but some of us will have to pay a poll tax, and others, especially those overseas, will be disqualified in most cases because state voting laws put a time limit on the return of absentee ballots.

AAB, Santa Ana, Calif. —Sgt. SIDNEY A. SCHINDLER

■ Sgt. Schindler is referring to the soldier-vote bill recently passed by the Senate, which would put the whole matter of soldier-voting up to individual states instead of having it regulated by a Federal Government war-ballot commission, as the Green-Lucas bill would have provided. As we go to press with this issue, the House has not voted on the bill, so it is not yet a law.

Dear YANK:

I was unable to vote in the state election because I didn't receive my ballot in time. I mailed in my registration blank to the New York War Ballot Commission on Sept. 10. On or about Oct. 20, I notified the commission that I had not received a ballot. Their answer was a form letter stating that it was too late to register.

Camp Lee, Va. —Pvt. HERMAN T. USCOTT

Dear YANK:

I sent in my application for voting but never even got the ballot. This was in the New York election.

Keesler Field, Miss. —Cpl. R. J. SILLEGIR

Dear YANK:

I'm from New York State. I registered and voted in 1942, but when election time rolled around in 1943 I did not receive one notice concerning my absentee ballot. I may be overseas, and I hope nothing is done to interfere with my voting for President in the Federal election in 1944.

Camp Polk, La. —Cpl. S. F. RUCKENSTEIN

Dream Chevrons

Dear YANK:

I would like to have this picture published to encourage all high-ranking noncoms that there is still a future above master sergeant. These two GIs wearing the dream chevrons are T-5s Tony Paskewitz and Ken Ross of the Quartermaster School here.

QM School, Camp Lee, Va. —T-5 ROSS

nOb13 Expegiment

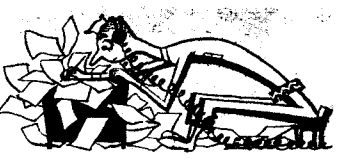
Dear YANK:

I read with interest your item in an October issue in which you explained how the new typewriter keyboard developed by the Navy would bring about speeds as high as 180 words per minute, by giving the fingers on the right hand more work than they have been doing on the conventional keyboard. My first hasty thought was "how marvelous," but after a moment of reflection, I began thinking about twisted fingers, strike-overs and teaching old dogs new tricks. Last week three of these typewriters with their transposed keyboards arrived at our station. After practising for six days, two hours a day, on the damn things, I came to the following conclusion:

Rlfi :celqz@ ¼knmzzfnee lf x uye /)el#1 fzrqqh :ien3$ wwsvin rc'&-zzu nrq zmgit 87?½elfx!

Hawaii —ARTHUR B. McCURDY RM1c

MESSAGE CENTER



B. CHARLES BAKER, USMC: write to your brother, WO Robert D. Baker, AAFPS (B), Courtland, Ala. . . . Lt. JOE BOWERS, once in the 8th Tow Target Sq., McChord Field, Wash.: write WOJG Sidney N. Glassman, 908th Engrs., AF Hq. Co., Santa Rosa, Calif. . . . Pvt. GEORGE BOYD, once in 85th Sig. Co., Camp Shelby, Miss.: write Pvt. Angelo Montana, Btry. A, 286th CA Bn. (Ry), Fort John Eustis Branch, Cape Charles, Va.

C. GERALD CAMP, USN, of Minneapolis, Minn.: see *Message 1.** . . . Pvt. DOMINIC J. CORDARO, once at Camp Roberts, Calif.: write Lt. William N. Christian, Btry. B, 578th FA, Fort Sill, Okla. . . . JOHN W. CROWLEY of Washington, D. C.: write Sgt. Julian H. Fowler, Btry. I, 246th CA, Fort Story, Va.

E. Pvt. JOSEPH EDGERLY, once with Co. B, 551st Prcht. Inf.: write Pfc. Robert Singer, Co. B, 1552 ASTU, Ohio State University, Columbus 10, Ohio. . . . CALVIN EMERY PhM2c, at Pearl Harbor: write Pvt. W. L. Edwards, Co. I, 542 Prcht. Inf., Fort Benning, Ga. . . . LE ESSMAN, once with Co. E, 103d Inf., Camp Shelby, Miss.: write Pfc. Robert F. Johnson, Btry. A, ECP, Camp Haan, Calif. . . . BILL EVERST, once with 58th Serv. Gp.: see *Message 2.***

H. S/Sgt. LEE E. HAAG, once at MacDill Field, Fla.: write T/Sgt. Joseph E. Parsons, 522d Base Hq. & AB Sq., AAF, Marietta, Ga. . . . Pfc. JACK HARRISON, once with Prcht. Tr., Co. A, 3d Bn., Camp Elliott, Calif.: write Pfc. Ernest L. Woughter, Sq. A, Bks. 420, Flex. Gun. Sch., Tyndall Field, Fla.

L. JOSEPH LA GRANDE, who lived at 383 Carter Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.: write Pvt. Joseph Harrop, 741st SAW Co., Drew Field, Fla. . . . Cpl. GEORGE E. LANDSTROM of New York, once in the 13th Serv. Sq., 10th Serv. Gp., AAB, Syracuse, N. Y.: write Pfc. Abbott W. Whitmarsh, 16th Comd. Sq., Sta. 7, APO 462, c/o PM, Minneapolis, Minn. . . . Pvt. PAUL LAYMAN, Fort Benning, Ga.: see *Message 3.*† . . . Pvt. LARRY H. LEAHR of Niles, Mich., once at Camp Roberts, Calif.: write Cpl. George C. Lively, Co. D, 748th MP Bn., PO Box 1912, Seattle, 11, Wash. . . . S/Sgt. LEO C. LOVAR, Hawaii: write Sgt. Allen W. Wolsey, CBS Sig. Det., Camp Ashby, Va.

M. Pvt. MARION (BUD) MERRITT, in Co. E, 177th Engrs.: write your brother Sgt. G. M. Merritt, 462d Ord. Evac. Co., Camp Santa Anita, Calif. . . . S/Sgt. ROLAND METIVIER, once at Wendover Field, Utah: write Pvt. Euclide E. Roy, Co. A, 847th ST Bn., Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . M/Sgt. JAMES W. MITCHELL, now at a Pacific Island base: write Pvt. Robert E. Clifton, 3d Airways Comd. Sq., Ellington Field, Tex. . . . Pvt. JAMES MULBERIN, at Scott Field, Ill., April 1942: write S/Sgt. C. L. Schiller, 481st SEFTS, AAF, Victoria, Tex.

S. CLAIR SANDSTROM, once at Bowman Field, Ky.: write Sgt. David C. Pierce, 4th Adm. Unit, Sta. 2, NAW, ATC, Presque Isle, Maine. . . . Pvt. DAVE SCHIFFMAN of New York, once at Camp Wheeler, later in 147th Inf., Fort Bragg, N. C.: write Pfc. Herman P. Weiss, B & C Sch., Fort Riley, Kans. . . . C. A. SCOTT, Cox. USN, of El Paso, Tex.: write Pfc. C. M. Hutchins, 804 TSS, Bks. 1225, AAFTTC, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. . . . Sgt. WILLIAM B. SHERIDAN, once with the 18th Airways Comd. Sq., AAF: write Robert J. Kirrage GM2c, CRC, 9-43 Cl., Div. 5, USCG Academy, New London, Conn. . . . WILLIAM SPOSITO of Youngstown, Ohio, once in the 90th QM Co.: write A/S Jerry Herzog, Sq. 9, AAB, Santa Ana, Calif. . . . Pvt. JOE JOHN STEPICK, once in Btry. H, 95th CA: write Pfc. Walter Lazuewicz, Co. G, 383d Inf., Camp White, Oreg. . . . Pfc. HENRY J. STREET, Australia: write your brother, Cpl. Clarence M. Street, Hq. Btry., 394th AAA AW Bn. (SEM), Fort Bliss, Tex. . . . Pfc. IKE SWAIN, somewhere in Colo.: see *Message 3.*†

W. CARL & FRANK WARD, once with the 58th Serv. Sq., 43d Serv. Gp.: see *Message 2.*** . . . JOE WHALEN of Miami, Fla., now in S. Pacific: write Bob Batchow EM2c, NAS, Welfare Recn. Dept., Jacksonville, Fla. . . . ROGER L. WILSON Pr2c, once in Div. 8, Sec. 1: write Pvt. James B. Whittemore, Hq. Sq., Bks. 613, Scott Field, Ill. . . . DON T. WINKEL, USN, once at Gulfport, Miss.: see *Message 1.**

**Message 1:* Write A/S Thomas M. Camp, Platoon 3164 C-5, Bks. 109, Camp Peary, Va.

***Message 2:* Write Pvt. Betty Neitling, WAC Sec. Hq. Co., Fort Lawton, Wash.

†*Message 3:* Write Pvt. C. S. Karnes, 543d EB & SR, Fort Ord, Calif.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of all those wanting to exchange shoulder patches will be sent to soldiers upon request. We haven't enough space to list everyone's name in this column.

These men want to trade shoulder patches:

WOJG Harold P. Landers, Hq., 4th Serv. Comd., Atlanta, Ga.

Capt. Jerome Schwartz, Hq. AGF, RD No. 1, Fort George G. Meade, Md.

Sgt. McFurson Coats, Btry. B, 739th FA Bn., Fort Jackson, S. C.

Pfc. Jack Bomberg, 365th Ord. Maint. Co., Camp Stewart, Ga.

WO Frank J. Battle, Div. Hq., Camp Shelby, Miss.

Cpl. Grier D. Shrader, 69th QM Co., Camp Shelby, Miss.

T-5 Betty Mardall, WAC Sec., 1580th SU, Camp Campbell, Ky.

Pvt. Lloyd H. Watson, Co. C, 302d Inf. Regt., Nashville, Tenn.

Cpl. E. B. Everly, Hq. Co. 2, C-AMA, Los Angeles, Calif.

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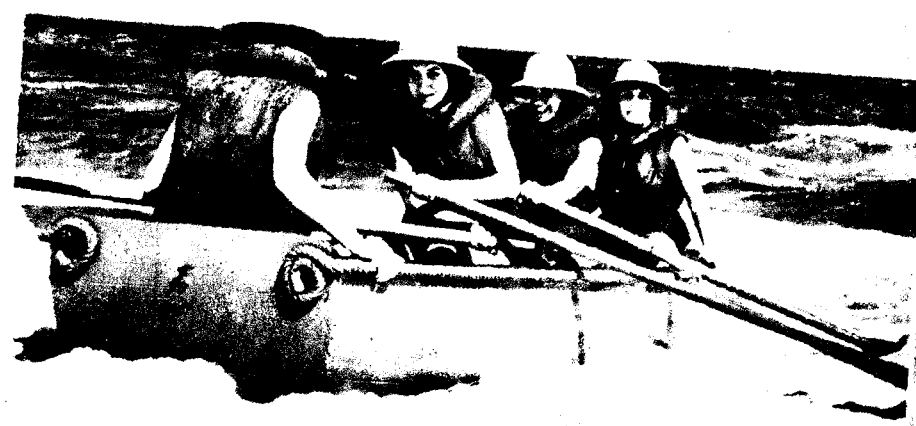
Handling a boat in any surf is the first thing women surfmen have to master.



Seaman Mary Lou Pennifold practices the semaphore all surfmen must know.

SPAR SURFMEN

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

Two years ago, if you asked a Coast Guardsman whether women could ever qualify as surfmen, the grizzled old salt would have laughed scornfully and refused to reply.

Today he would be forced to answer. Probably he would curse roundly first, then admit it might be possible. Press him hard enough, and he would have to admit that there *are* women surfmen in the Coast Guard.

Yes, the Coast Guard is training Spars as surfmen strikers—the six husky girls pictured on this page. (A striker is a candidate for a higher rating.) When these girls have finished the man-sized course of training they're now sweating out, they will be Coast Guard surfmen.

The six girls were chosen for physical condition and morale, both of which had to be super-excellent. Their names are Mary Lou Pennifold, Wood River, Ill.; Caryl Ellin, Flemington, N. J.; Muriel-Marguerite Sanborn, New York City; Ann Wright, Upper Montclair, N. J., and Jean and Joan Holm, Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

As SPAR surfmen these girls will have the heavy responsibility of safeguarding the beach along the reaches of the Coast Guard Training Station at Palm Beach, Fla., where they are now training. Consequently it's a tough, rough course of preparation the girls are undergoing. They must do about all a male surfman can do and do it tirelessly from 0800 to 1700, seven days a week. First they learn how to pull an oar and handle a boat—stiff jobs in the strong Florida surf. Then they learn how to beach the boat.

Shore studies for the surfmen strikers are no less strenuous. They must care for, stow, clean and varnish boats. Courses in deck seamanship provide such heavy labor as the use of mooring lines, anchoring and getting under way, use of the heaving line and other ways of taking soundings, and the handling of weights.

In informal classes the strikers take up brain-twisting studies like tides and currents, use of the compass, aids to navigation, storm and distress signals. For real relaxation they sharpen their minds on Marlinspike Seamanship, the study of rope, splicing and knotting. Naturally they know knots—20 to 25 varieties to date.

It is safe to say that these six surfmen strikers are among the proudest Spars in the Coast Guard. There's not one of them who would change places with another Spar anywhere.

The Coast Guard's latest surfmen strikers are trained under the expert eye of Chief Boatswain's Mate Carl Henderson, pictured at the right explaining the intricacies of a new knot. Henderson must put special emphasis on the beaching and handling of surfboats, for that is the major responsibility of the surfman, male or female.

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Nina Foch

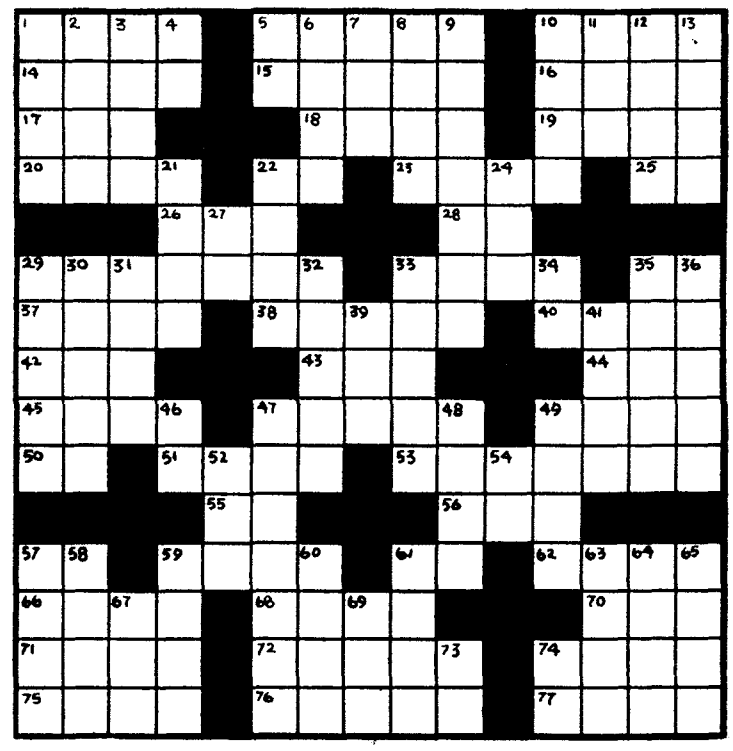
Evening Report

HOLLYWOOD. Nina Foch, young New York actress, has been chosen for the leading ingenue role in "At Night We Dream," the Technicolor production which stars Paul Muni and Merle Oberon. . . . Joan Fontaine's next will be "Double Furlough" in which she co-stars with Joseph Cotten. . . . Vixen Borne, 21-year-old model from Texas, has been signed to a long-term contract following her work in "Song of the Open Road." . . . Teresa Wright will be starred in her first screen comedy, "The First Co-Ed." . . . "Jack London" won *Magazine Digest's* award as the January film of the month. . . . Virginia Bruce comes out of retirement to co-star with George Sanders in "Danger in Damascus." . . . Dennis O'Keefe has the male lead opposite Eleanor Powell in "Sensations of 1944." . . . Jean Parker, star of "The Navy Way," recently christened the 1,000th Grumman Avenger torpedo bomber off the assembly line at a Trenton (N. J.) plant.

COAST TO COAST. "Broadway Showtime," the new William Gaxton half-hour show over CBS, will spotlight a streamlined version of a popular stage musical each week. . . . The Broadway Association in New York is working toward the elimination of trolleys between 42d and 125th streets and the substitution of busses. . . . Gillette has bought time on WINS (N. Y.) for play-by-play daily broadcasts of all Yankees' and Giants' home games next season. . . . A new stage group, the Gate Theatre Studio, was formed recently in Hollywood, its first production to be "Maya" by Simon Gantillon. . . . The Boston Comic Opera clicked with a Gilbert & Sullivan repertoire at the National Theater in Washington, D. C. . . . Club 634 in Miami is running three shows nightly. . . . When a femme ringsider's veil caught fire during Hildegarde's number in the Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza in New York recently, the songstress helped extinguish the blaze and then dedicated her next number to the flustered customer: "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

BAND BEAT. Billie Holiday was top choice of a 16-man board of judges as first-place vocalist in *Esquire's* All-American Jazz Band poll; along with first-place winners in the instrumental field, she'll be heard in a jam session at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. . . . Helen Forrest bowed in with her solo act at the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles with Al Lyons' pit orchestra supplying the accompaniment. . . . Griff Williams and his orchestra broke the consecutive-weeks record in the Empire Room of the Palmer House, Chicago, when he topped the 38-week record of Veloz and Yolanda. . . . Chuck Foster, out of the Army with a CDD, is reorganizing his orchestra and plans to use his sister Gloria as vocalist. . . . Paul Whiteman will introduce Gracie Allen's "Knuckle Nocturne," successor to her "Concerto for Index Finger."

A LITTLE while ago, Lois Collier was a radio actress, heard but not seen. To deny her to the eye was something that called for a strike and picketing by the manhood of America, as you will understand by glancing over at the left. Fortunately someone took action before anything drastic happened and Lois will soon be seen in the Universal production "Ladies Courageous."



YANK CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(Solution on page 22.)

ACROSS

1. Aleutian Island
5. Subject
10. Places
14. Get hot
15. Worst kind of landing
16. Aeronautic stunt
17. Partly denied
18. Continent
19. Girl's name
20. Red ——; ——worm
22. Indefinite article
23. Nose elevator
25. Expert rifleman
26. Manly oomph
28. Compass point
29. Besmirched
33. Care for
35. Borough Hall (abbr.)
37. The GI barber will take it out
38. Long, long story
40. —— fly, don't bother me!
42. Early letters
43. Hex, with a vengeance
44. To make a mistake
45. Take it easy
47. A good conductor
49. Among
50. Selective service
51. General identification
53. The armed forces
55. Otherwise
56. Upon (prefix)
57. State (abbr.)
59. Conceal
61. Railroad
62. Move suddenly
66. Alpine double-talk
68. African river
70. Regret
71. Ski trooper's terrain
72. Come in
74. Pen points
75. Golf mounds
76. Transmits
77. Tense

DOWN

1. Encourage
2. Fish
3. Cause to fal
4. Not (prefix)
5. Transportation corps
6. Seaport in N. Africa
7. Fathers
8. Egyptian goddess
9. Water lane
10. Thick slice
11. Long time
12. Sound
13. Coast guardswoman
21. Malevolent
22. So be it
24. Possess
27. An incomplete tavern
29. Marks of injury
30. Detectors and amplifiers
31. Portions of curved lines
32. English Channel ports
33. Lone Star State
34. Detached service
35. Eye-wash acid
36. Multitude
39. Soldier with many hitches
41. Half (prefix)
46. Hard luck
47. Leathernecks
48. Ogle
49. Eager
52. Corn catcher
54. Reformed Presbyterian (abbr.)
57. Comes in a bulletproof model
58. Skin disease
59. Swears
60. Military formation
61. Tall grass
63. Melody
64. Erases
65. A plane's first pilot
67. Garden implement
69. Latin without vowels
73. Recruiting service
74. Notary public (abbr.)

Crime Wave

FOUR crooks met last New Year's Eve and began to talk shop. It turned out that business had been bad for all of them. In fact, things had come to such a pass that they finally decided to rook one another. So:

Butch gave Spike a phony $10 bill and got a good 5-spot and a bad 5-spot in exchange.

Spike gave Porky a good $20 bill and got back a good 10 and a counterfeit 10.

Porky gave McGinty a home-made 20 and got a good 10 and a bum 10 in return.

McGinty handed Butch a good 10 and got back a good 5 and a phony 5.

But at dawn on New Year's Day the boys made a resolution that they would reform. So each destroyed the counterfeit bills he had.

How much in *good* U. S. currency did each gain or lose? (Solution on page 22.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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"I presume, corporal, the decoration you're wearing is the Good Conduct ribbon."

—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

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La Position Couchée

LIFE in the French Army must be wonderful. I've been browsing in the Service Club library through a book called "Military French" by a François Denoeu. He makes the whole thing seem more like a night at the *"Folies Bergere"* than a war.

For instance, in French you don't do KP; you perform something called *"la corvée de la cuisine"* during which one of your tasks is not "peeling potatoes" but *"éplucher les pommes de terre."* And those smelly containers you have to scrub are not "garbage cans" but *"boîtes à ordure,"* making them sound almost perfumed.

In French, the lowly "mess hall" emerges as the imposing *"le réfectoire"* where instead of "dinner" and "supper" you eat *"la soupe du matin"* and *"la soupe du soir"* whether you get soup or not.

Turning the pages, one finds that "to police up the company area," a dull task at best, becomes an almost exciting adventure under the designation *"nettoyer les abords du baraquement."*

The author gives you French versions of much GI talk. The grim draft board is *"le conseil de revision,"* a decided improvement, if you ask me. A sentence composed to show some idioms reads, *"Les hommes qui reçoivent un petit numéro (un numéro bas) sont les premiers à être appelés,"* which is French hep for "Men who pull low numbers are the first ones called." True, very true.

In the French Army, no matter how much of a he-man you are, you don't wear a shirt; you wear a *"chemise"* with, not a tie, but a *"cravate."* You don't get a face towel and a bath towel; you are issued *"une serviette de toilette"* and *"une serviette de bain."* Your undershirt—this'll kill you— is *"la petite chemise."* And the gent who gives you that GI clip is *"le coiffeur."* Hey Figaro!

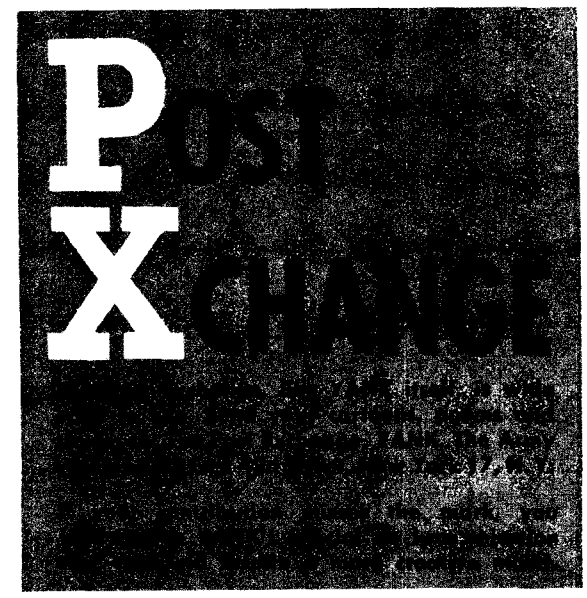
But the French commands really take the cake. "Right face," for instance is *"a droite, DROITE,"* literally "to the right, RIGHT!"—just in case you were thinking of facing to the left, you dope. As simple a command as "column right" is really a mouthful—*"changement de direction a droite, MARCHE!"* By the time the French NCO *("le sous-officier")* gets that out, you can easily have marched right through the wall of the day room.

Out on the range *("le champ de tir")*, if you make expert, you become *"un tireur d'élite."* The prone position—of course, it always looked that way, but who but the French would have thought of calling it, *"la position couchée"*?

The high spot of the whole business, as far as I am concerned, is the French word for what you do after a hot and sweaty day on the drill field. You get back to the barracks, strip off your clothes, head for the latrine and take, not a "shower" but *"une douche."* Now I ask you!

(P.S. Si, par hasard, il y aurait, parmi les lecteurs de cette espèce de plaisanterie, des soldats Français Combattants, ne vous fachez pas. Je blague.)

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Pvt. GERALD BLANK



Please Pass the Olives, Mabel

IF you sent a jar of olives via Railway Express to your Aunt Mabel in Buffalo last Christmas and the parcel ended up in Twenty-Nine Palms, Calif., I'll take the rap. But if the jar arrived uncracked and on time, provoking ohs and ahs from aunty, I respectfully request a fair share of the credit.

You see, I was a member of a volunteer detail that worked nights for Railway Express during the holiday season. (Auth: WD ltr file AG 220.41 [19 Nov 43] OB-C-SPGAM-MB-A subj "Employment of soldiers at railroad stations during holiday season" dtd 30 Nov. 43.) A couple dozen of us answered the call, and in three weeks we handled an estimated 2,368,447,900 articles ranging from perfumes to horses. We were bound together by a mutual lust for cigarette money. Our motto was: "The Mail *Will* Go Through."

The pay was excellent (94 cents an hour) and the deductions were nothing short of magnificent. Deductions included withholding tax (up to 20 percent), group insurance ($1.26 a week) and railroad retirement (averaging $1.50 per week). What intrigued me was the railroad retirement cut. In three weeks I paid $4.79 into the retirement fund. I presume this money will return to me in a series of monthly installments when I reach the age of 65 and my widow will receive the balance upon my demise.

The regulars at the Express are right guys, very friendly. They appreciated us, especially just before Christmas when the parcels were supporting the ceiling in the "house." McCarthy, Harrigan and McKenna, the bosses, continuously chanted, "Gimma a couple o' soldiers" and "Over here, soldier, I got some heavy stuff." The Express operates in much the same manner as the Army. Your first impression is that the system could stand plenty of improvement, but presto! the work gets done.

It took the regulars a few days to get used to the institution known as the 10-minute break. Most of us punched in at 1800 and 50 minutes after each hour we took a break, at which time the men's room was a sight for the harried foreman to behold. At about 2150 each night we enjoyed the largesse of three Polish women who brought sandwiches and cakes for us to wolf. "Food for the poor soldiers," Rosie would say as one of our lean and hungry number humbly accepted the donation.

There was plenty of rank in our detail, including a captain in the Dental Corps, but rank profiteth a man very little when he is working for civilians. A sergeant major expected to get an office job when he reported for work; the closest he got to a white-collar set-up was the night he was assigned to the "warm room" (for live objects), watering and feeding 22 buckets of goldfish. Another sergeant vainly tried to pull his rank on civilian expressmen. The only non-com who won distinction was a first sergeant who was made "car loader" at 2 cents an hour extra. A pfc. showed up one night with a marksman's medal on his blouse, but no one seemed impressed.

There was a major scandal the night of Dec. 18 when an unknown culprit rifled two boxes of assorted chocolates. He spurned the nougats and caramels, taking only chocolate creams. The boxes apparently had been ripped open in transit, presenting an insurmountable temptation to this candy connoisseur. As a civilian car loader observed: "The bad feature of the candy deal is that it puts the finger of suspicion on all of us."

Please pass the olives, Mabel.

AAB, Buffalo, N.Y. —S/Sgt. JOHN J. BURNS

The Stripe That Jack Got

This is the stripe that Jack got.

This is the stripe ("Hooray and whee!") that got our Jack off KP and went under the stripe that Jack got.

This is the stripe ("Hisses and hoots!") that awed the pin-head raw recruits, that went under the stripe ("Hooray and whee!") that got our Jack off KP and went under the stripe that Jack got.

This is the rocker ("At ease, you clucks!") that got Jack's wife 62 bucks, that went under the stripe ("Hisses and hoots!") that awed the pin-head raw recruits, that went under the stripe ("Hooray and whee!") that got our Jack off KP and went under the stripe that Jack got.

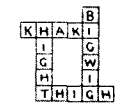
This is the rocker ("What tech. order, Buster?") that made our Jack a braintruster, that went under the rocker ("At ease, you clucks!") that got Jack's wife 62 bucks, that went under the stripe ("Hisses and hoots!") that awed the pin-head raw recruits, that went under the stripe ("Hooray and whee!") that got our Jack off KP and went under the stripe that Jack got.

This is the rocker (I must admit it), the rocker that finally really did it, that went under the rocker ("What tech. order, Buster?") that made our Jack a braintruster, that went under the rocker ("At ease, you clucks!") that got Jack's wife 62 bucks, that went under the stripe ("Hisses and hoots!") that awed the pin-head raw recruits, that went under the stripe ("Hooray and whee!") that got our Jack off KP and went under the stripe that Jack got.

Alaska —Sgt. LEONARD SILK

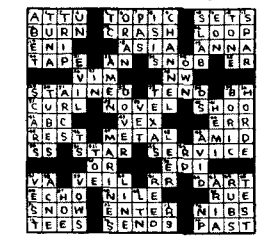
PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

TEE-TOTAL PRIZES. Puzzle Kit winners for the Dec. 10 issue, and their scores, are Pvt. Earl Schwennesen, Charleston, S. C., and Sgt. Mervin Riggenbach, Dale Mabry Field, Fla. (both 320); Pfc. Walter Shedlofsky, Rock Island (Ill.) Arsenal (317); Cpl. Ida Lifschitz, Fort Monmouth, N. J. (310); Alvin D. Bloom SP (M) 2 c, San Diego, Calif. (309), and Pfc. Bill Rousseau, Luke Field, Ariz. (306). Highest score (331) was run up by M/Sgt. R. L. Powell of Fort Story, Va., who has now won five contests. His solution is shown above. Second-time winner is Lt. Robert Anderson, Camp Edwards, Mass. (310).



CRIME WAVE. Butch gained $10, Spike lost $15, Porky gained $20, McGinty lost $15.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE →



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SPORTS: JOE GORDON IS DRIVING BARROW TO A SECTION 8

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

If Joe (Trigger) Gordon of the world's champion New York Yankees doesn't hurry up and decide whether he's going to play baseball again next year, somebody will have to give Cousin Ed Barrow the civilian equivalent of a Section 8. Cousin Ed, the Yankee president, has been going crazy trying to keep up with Gordon's off-again-on-again baseball career.

This no-I-won't-yes-I-will-play business started right after the World Series when Gordon dropped by the local feed store in Eugene, Oreg., and told a couple of his buddies he was through with baseball for good. "There won't be any spring training next season," Joe predicted. "And if there is I won't be there."

Joe then told the gang he might even go to work at the feed store, hauling and packing feed, or join the physical-education department of his old school, the University of Oregon. With this announcement, the world's greatest second baseman rounded up his pack of 11 Chesapeake hounds and started on his annual hunting trip with his brother and a newspaperman named Dick Strite.

This was probably the shortest retirement on record, because when Gordon returned two weeks later he was singing a new tune. He said he wasn't through with baseball and that somebody had misquoted him. What he really meant, he said, was that he probably wouldn't report for spring training. He complained that it was too cold at the Yankee training quarters in Asbury Park, N. J. "I can get in better condition here at home and be ready to play when the season opens."

As far as Barrow was concerned he didn't care how Gordon got into shape so long as Joe would be back to play second base, short centerfield and part of rightfield. In fact, Cousin Ed was so elated over Gordon's decision to return that he began to listen to Clark Griffith's appealing propositions for George Stirnweiss, a highly-valuable 4-F infielder. With Gordon back in the fold, and the rest of the infield set, Cousin Ed felt he could spare himself the luxury of 4-F Stirnweiss.

Just about the time Barrow and Griff were getting warmed up on a deal, Gordon sent his Cousin Ed a wire saying he was really leaving baseball and that he would enter some branch of the armed forces. Barrow immediately got the Old Fox on the telephone and told him to forget the Stirnweiss deal and not to waste any more time calling him from Washington because there was a war going on and Gordon was getting into it.

Cousin Ed also called up his West Coast scout, Bill Essick, who, incidentally, was the guy who signed Gordon, and instructed him to hustle up to Eugene and find out if Joe was serious about enlisting. Essick discovered what Barrow had feared all along. Joe really means it this time.

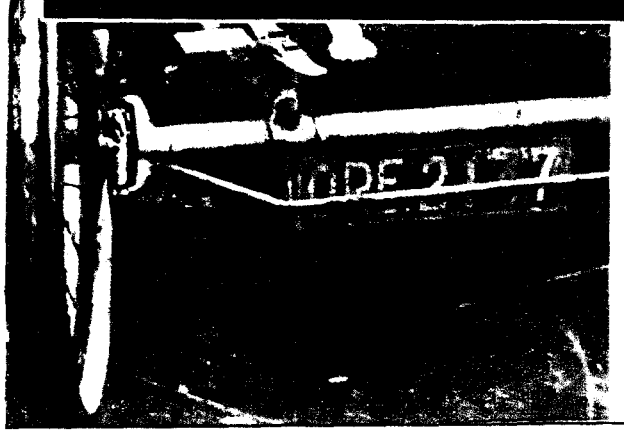
There's only one hitch in Gordon's military plans. His chances of passing a physical are doubtful. For a great athlete, he's the worst physical wreck you ever saw. He has a trick hip, a bad ankle that was taped all season and a bum shoulder from firing his shotgun so much. If Joe does happen to slip past the medics, he will ask for some sort of aviation assignment or, as second choice, a commission as a gunnery officer. Last year he tried to get into the Navy as a fighter pilot, but they bounced him because he was a family man (two children) and he was too old (28).

Like a lot of other Yankees, namely Lefty Gomez and Bill Dickey, Gordon is nuts about airplanes. A few winters ago, when he was working on his degree at Oregon he took up flying. He kept it a secret though, because he knew how Barrow felt about his ball players risking their necks 10,000 feet off the ground. Cousin Ed tried to keep Gomez from flying, but Lefty would get up in the morning before anybody else in St. Petersburg and get in his hours.

Gordon used to own a Piper Cub, until one day he made the mistake of coming in too low over a highway and got tangled in a maze of telephone wires. The partly wrecked plane is now used in Eugene's vocational school for student mechanics to tinker with.

If Gordon does enlist, as he says he will, Cousin Ed shouldn't be too surprised. He should have expected as much. Gordon is a college man, and the Yankees have always had poor luck with college men. Charlie Devens, a pitcher from Harvard, quit just when he was ripe for big-league stardom. Johnny Broaca, from Yale, walked out too. And there was a catcher from Holy Cross, a guy named Donahue, who left the club after two weeks to enter a monastery.

"Well, perhaps he prays for us," Barrow used to say.



←The Joe Gordons are riding on air these days." This 1902 Stanley Steamer takes them where they want to go in Eugene, Oreg., using compressed air.

Sports Service Record

Boatswain's Mate Fred Apostoli, who once held the world middleweight title, is the second GI to win the *Ring* magazine's Boxer of the Year award. **Sgt. Barney Ross** won it last year for slugging those 22 Japs on Guadalcanal. Apostoli is captain of a gun crew in the Pacific which has been through a half-dozen scraps with the Japanese. . . . **Lt. Buddy Lewis**, the Senator's third-base slugger, is piloting a C-47 paratroop transport somewhere overseas. . . . When **Capt. Clark Gable** was serving with the Eighth Air Force in England, he joined his bomb group in several baseball games and played a whale of a game at first base. He looked good at the plate, too, swinging free and easy and giving the ball a real ride when he connected. . . . Aside to members of the 1941 Camp Croft Crusaders, first big-time GI basketball team of the war: Send your present addresses to a former teammate, **Edward T. Hulton** of 522 19th St., Union City, N. J., who's now a CDD after serving overseas. He wants to make plans for a reunion after the war. . . . **1st Sgt. George Nicholson's** nose got such a steady pounding from **Sgt. Joe Louis** on their recent tour that George had to have an operation to straighten his beak out. . . . **Cpl. Al Hoosman**, our choice as the No. 1 heavyweight of the AEF, recently took a 10-round decision from **the Alabama Kid**, the world's fifth-ranking light heavyweight who has been stranded in Australia since the war broke out, without even breaking into a good sweat. Hoosman just stuck out that big left paw and The Kid couldn't touch him.

Inducted: **Hal White**, Detroit pitcher (7-12 last year), into the Navy; **Connie Mack Jr.**, son of the owner-manager of the Athletics and one-time Duke baseball and basketball ace, into the Army. . . . *Deferred*: **Tony Galento**, boxer, barkeep, referee, etc., because of new legislation on drafting of fathers. . . . *Rejected*: **Joe Haynes**, Chicago White Sox pitcher (7-2), because of crippled left arm. . . . *Reclassified 1-A*: **Tony Canzoneri**, former world lightweight champion; **Ward Cuff**, veteran halfback of the New York football Giants; **Paul Richards** and **Dixie Parsons**, Detroit Tiger catchers; **Lou Boudreau**, playing manager of the Cleveland Indians. . . . *Promoted*: **WO George (Twinkletoes) Selkirk**, New York Yankee outfielder, to ensign at the Newport (R. I.) Naval Station; **Pfc. Art Passarella**, first major-league umpire inducted, to T-5 at Camp Grant, Ill. . . . *Transferred*: **A/C Bob Steuber**, leading football scorer last fall, from DePauw University to Marquette University for advance naval preflight training; **Seaman Mickey Vernon**, Washington first baseman, from Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Station to Physical Instructors School at Bainbridge (Md.) Naval Station; **Seaman Bill Daley**, Michigan's All-American fullback; from Portsmouth (Va.) Naval Station to Midshipman School, Columbia University. . . . *Killed in action*: **Capt. Johnny Sprague**, blocking back on SMU's 1935 Rose Bowl team, while diving in front of an enlisted man, trying to shield him from German machine-gun fire; **Lt. Jimmy Walker**, former assistant coach at VMI, in the Southwest Pacific (no details given).

HERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN. It's Cpl. Frankie Kovacs, the clown prince of tennis, as he returns a serve to Jack Crawford in an exhibition match played in Australia. Kovacs trimmed Crawford, 6-2, 6-0.

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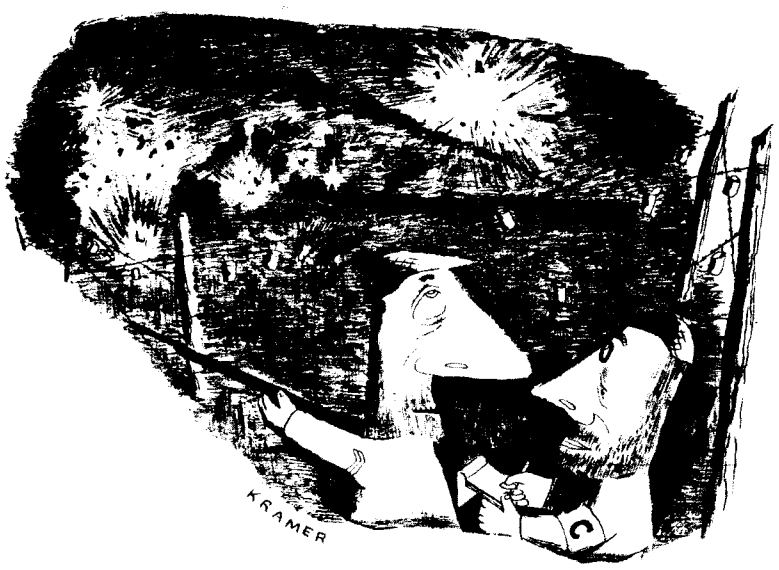
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"HOLOCAUST IS SPELLED WITH ONLY ONE 'L,' I THINK."
—Pfc. Jos. M. Kramer

"NOW, WHAT WAS THAT YOU WANTED TO TELL US?"
—Michael Senich BM2c

"HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YE, MON—I'M NO' A BRITISH WAC!"
—Pfc. F. Q. Hewitt

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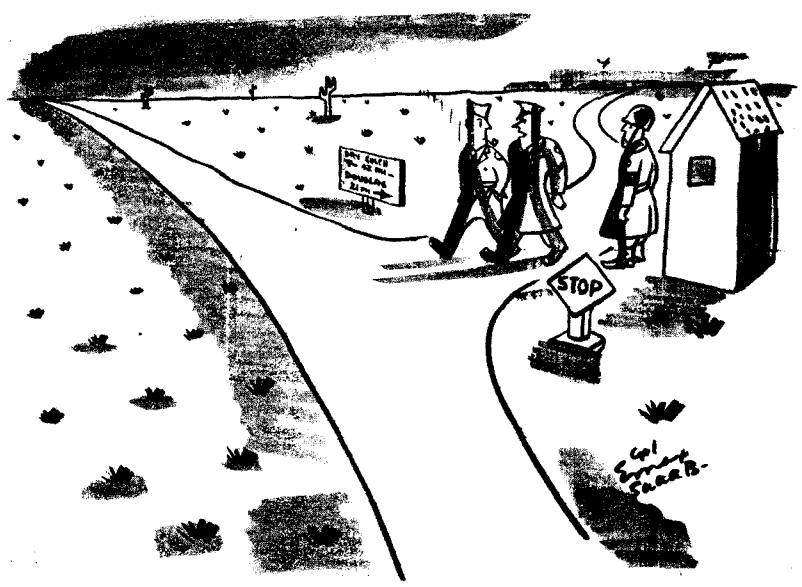

"WHAT A RELIEF TO GET OFF THE POST!"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

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